

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1870, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 756—VOL. XXX.]

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1870.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]

DANGER OF FIRE.

WHAT is the Modern Drama coming to?

The question, if not one of pre-eminent utility in this utilitarian age, is, at any rate, a pertinent one. Some three years since, legs invaded the stage on which Bourcicault had long since dethroned Shakespeare and Sheridan. They swept over and across it like a dancing hurricane. It was true, that they were generally shapely ones—well-formed, or, if not, certainly well-padded. Their skirts, when they wore skirts at all, were of the gauziest and flimsiest material, and the shortest length imaginable. They cut pirouettes, or disposed themselves in poses plastiques, until the bewildered eye and fancy wearied with their natural or padded beauty.

However thin-skinned morality put its hand

before its eyes, the great public insisted upon these lines of loveliness appearing nightly. Young men raved of a Lydia who was old enough to have nursed them, and old men maundered over a Pauline who was young enough to have passed for their granddaughter.

Then came the Opera Bouffe, also. At first it was somewhat unlaced. But it unlaced itself more and more, until it appealed, by its form and language in "Genevieve de Brabant," to the laxest admirers of legs and double-entendres.

Mr. Bourcicault was at his wit's end. He knew not how to sustain his old reputation. He had written clever Comedy. Thence, he had sped through the old-school Melodrama—the Irish and the Nigger drama, the only half-moral drama, until he had wound up in the

thoroughly immoral drama. He had gone down-hill at a hard gallop. Spur and whip had been used by him on the jaded hack that serves him as a Pegasus, without mercy. Every half-mile he made in advance, demanded an additional half-mile to keep up with the next demands of the popular taste. But the popular taste had outstripped him. It had liked curry-powder. The curry was now tasteless. Had he possessed the flowing locks of an Adonis, he would have torn them out by handfuls. As he has them not, he was debarred even this privilege of misery. He would, it is possible, have cut his throat, or made away with himself by the rope or strychnine. The stage, however, is a terrible disillusionist. No dramatist or actor ever dreams of terminating his own woes and those of the public in this manner.

Strangely enough, he has discovered a new *modus operandi*. This is developed by the sagacious management of Wallack's Theatre.

We have had fires and floods, and surfs and volcanic eruptions, and earthquakes, before. These were, however, but *simulacra* of the real thing. He now gives us a touch of reality. In "Lost at Sea," he gives us a real fire, with actual smoke, positive flame and swirling embers, and a gradually roasting *Coram*. It is true that this noble hero—for, considering the risk he nightly runs, unless, indeed, his clothes are woven from asbestos, *Coram* is undoubtedly a hero—does certainly escape from the grilling he is apparently doomed to undergo. The audience, however, see the real flames, and reproduce in their minds the terrible discomforts of the supposed real *Coram*. He may be burnt.



NEW YORK.—TREATMENT OF "MIGRANTS AT WARD'S ISLAND—WOMEN AT DINNER.—SEE PAGE 23.

As this thought occurs to the mind of the fair-haired girl who watches him, she leans over the front of her box in a gaping sense of horrid marvel. Near her, the semi-idiotic youth whose eyes are fixed upon the eddying sparks and the wreathing flame, open-mouthed awaits for the denouement. At no great distance, the middle-aged sceptic watches *Crom*, and thinks that the only additional excitement might be furnished, by seeing him actually finished off in the conflagration. He would only say—

"Poor devil!"

His accent of pity would be balanced by the memory that he had spent one dollar, or one dollar and fifty cents, for the pleasure. Perhaps, he might add—

"That it was well worth the money."

But, while we were gazing upon this *bona fide* fire, a curious thought struck us. Supposing that some miserable carelessness in the preparation of the materials for the conflagration should occur. Or, perchance, that some insane spite might dictate the chance error. If the flames should spread where they were not intended to, and the swathing smoke and climbing fire should embrace the theatre—why—what then? We may all imagine, and some few of us have known what the results of fire in a crowded theatre are. Mr. Bouricault and Mr. Lester Wallack may have provided against every possibly foreseen contingency. Supposing they may not have provided against the unforeseen?

If they have not, and the chance should occur, we may frankly confess that we feel it would be better to starve than coin money out of such a danger. This, the more especially, when, but for the danger, the piece would be unequivocally damned on the score both of its lack of novelty, the melo-dramatic inconsistencies and improbabilities of its plot, and the inanely senile way in which it has been written and constructed. The only original merit in "*Lost at Sea*" is the positive reality of its *simulacrum* of a conflagration.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1870.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves as such are impostors.

THE ONEIDA.

We have now the official account of the loss of the United States war-steamer *Oneida*, in Yokohama Bay, on the 24th of January. It but confirms the previous intelligence, without a consolatory item to lessen the number of the dead, or an extenuating circumstance with regard to the conduct of the commander of the *Bombay*. The *Oneida* left Yokohama at five in the afternoon, with fine weather and a smooth sea, and before seven o'clock the vessel was sunk, and, of one hundred and seventy-four souls—officers and men—one hundred and thirteen perished.

From time to time, in the world's affairs, an event occurs which stirs a whole nation. This is one. From Dr. Suddards, the surgeon of the *Oneida*, we have a strikingly clear and touching history. "The *Bombay*," he writes, "struck us full, with her sharp iron stem, and cut everything off as with a chisel. The wheel, steering-gear, sparker-boom, and gaff and poop-cabin were all carried away, and in fifteen minutes she sunk in fourteen-fathoms water." The doctor was below, but immediately rushed on deck, and saw a large steamer just leaving them. "She was hailed," he says, "by our executive officer, and requested to stay by us; but, as far as I could judge, they steamed away as fast as they could go." "You have cut us down!" was repeatedly shouted. The steam-whistle was blown, guns were fired, and everything possible done to arrest the course of the *Bombay*; but all in vain.

There will, no doubt, be a great deal of conflicting evidence as to the collision. It is always the case. But this is simply a matter of no consequence. What we have to deal with is the conduct of the British commander in leaving a vessel he had cut down, without stopping to ascertain her condition. We have no occasion to await the finding of the consular court before branding this conduct as infamous. Indifference and careless disregard of human life are qualities as much to be abhorred as direct and brutal cruelty. The best case Captain Eyre attempts to make proves him guilty of the former. He knew he was leaving a ship in distress, but thought her proximity to the "Spit" and the neighboring shore would probably secure against the loss of life! This is the mildest form of accusation, and it embodies his sole defense.

We reject, until it is officially proven, the statement that the captain said, on arriving in port, that he "had just cut down a damned Yankee frigate, and served her bloody right!"

We cannot credit that such a monster, as this would show him to be, exists in any civilized community, and especially, as commander of a first-class English steamer. The man is not to be envied. Whatever punishment he may receive, whether he be whitewashed by the consular (English) court or condemned, he will bear on his brow the mark of Cain for the rest of his life, and be subject to the reprobation of mankind.

Commander Williams, his officers and crew—nearly all—sleep under the waters of the Japanese bay. Their memory will live in the hearts of their countrymen. It is not difficult to exhibit gallantry, courage and lofty determination in the shock of battle, when the blood is stirred, and the feelings raised to their highest point. But, in the midst of a quiet, peaceful scene, while indulging in the most pleasing anticipations, when suddenly called on to confront death, without the opportunity of escape or resistance, the heroism of these brave men is something indeed for a nation to glory in.

THE CUBAN VOLUNTEERS.

A *rum* has been thrown to the whale of popular sentiment, in the matter of Cuba, by a resolution from the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the Senate, prohibiting any European power or State from fitting out any ships in the harbors of the United States, to be employed in subduing any of their American colonists claiming independence.

The horse having been stolen, we rigorously close the stable door!

Spain, having built, and fitted out in our ports, all the vessels she wants for subduing her American colonists, we virtuously prohibit her from doing it again!

We have read of a pardon reaching a man condemned to execution, just five minutes too late!

This is mere "pottering," and of a piece with our whole Cuban policy—a hesitating, faltering, forcible-feeble policy, which has brought about the very result we have professed a desire to avert. There was a time when the possession of Cuba was a simple question between Spain on one side, and the native Cubans on the other, and when a word or a blow would have settled the question in favor of the latter. It was allowed to slip by, and in the interval has sprung up a new and formidable power, operating, ostensibly, in the interest of Spain, but really, in thorough contempt of its authority. We mean the volunteers—a well-armed, vigorous, unscrupulous class of men, blood-thirsty to a proverb, amenable to no law but their own unbridled will, and over whom the power of the Captain-General is only nominal. They sent Dulce out of the island for endeavoring to control them, and they will send De Rodas, with every direct representative of Spanish authority, the same way, in case of the slightest opposition. Indeed, they might deal with them even more summarily.

But, who are these uncontrollable, bloody, overbearing volunteers?

Not Cubans, but Spaniards—young Spaniards—for the most part the sons of proud but reduced parents and of official favorites, sent from Spain to fill the multitude of subordinate offices connected with the Government, and the clerks and *attachés* of Spanish commercial houses existing in the principal towns and cities. No Cuban was ever permitted to fill these positions, in which the work was small, the pay considerable, and the speculation large. Let Cuban independence be achieved, and their occupations will be gone. They know this; they know, also, that Spain herself cannot hold Cuba; they are determined to prevent, if possible, their sinecures and profits from being traded off by Spain in any compromise with the insurgents, or in any arrangement with the United States. With independence, compromise or annexation, they are equally lost. Powerful, yet impotent, they are alternately the prey of rage and despair. Hence their savage fury and fierce revenge. To-day they are the strongest power in the island; infinitely stronger than Spain; but they are people of the towns, unacquainted with the interior of the country, and consequently unable to strike the subtle insurgents, to whom every forest and mountain fastness and every obscure pathway are familiar. The insurrection lives in spite of them; they are only able to prolong a situation, without the ability to determine it one way or another, and constitute to-day the most difficult obstacle to diplomatic or any other settlement of the Cuban question.

And yet, it is on such a fire as is raging in Cuba that we are plying the syringe of such resolutions as we have quoted above!

IDIOCY.

IDIOCY is rare among what we call savage or barbarous tribes; it is fearfully prevalent among nations assuming to be civilized. Is it because the savage destroys the deformed or deficient infant, while our sentiment of pity or our sympathy leads us to protect and foster it?

Be that as it may, we "civilized peoples," with Health Commissioners, Sanitary Boards, Medical Colleges, Dispensaries, Lying-in Hospitals, Physicians, Surgeons, Apothecaries, and all that, do really present indications of defective vital force rarely if ever witnessed among those human beings who live in a state of nature. We certainly produce more useless children (not including dolts, boobies and stupidly generally) than the savages. In England and Wales there are over 10,000 pauper idiots, and how many are kept in asylums or protected at home, no one knows. Their number is legion. In France, where statistics is a science, we learn they are in the rate of two and a half to every thousand of inhabitants! We hope the pending or impending census will show us exactly how we stand in this matter. The data are essential to anthropological science.

OBITUARY.—We regret to say that, early on Saturday morning last, Mr. H. H. Leeds, senior member of the oldest and most extensively known Auction Firm in the United States, died suddenly, after a very brief illness. It may be remembered that he officiated at the sale of the Jenny Lind Tickets at Castle Garden, the commencement of the extraordinary career of that lady, as a vocalist, in the United States. Generally respected as of no ordinary culture—as a connoisseur in the Fine Arts, and as a genial and kindly man, he quits this life, after having done his share of active and mental labor with continuous success. Fortunately for the firm, he leaves behind him the gentleman who has for many years been his partner, possessed of as much talent for his peculiar line of business, and with even more youthful energy—Mr. Miner. The regret for his death will none the less be widely felt by all who knew him, and had the pleasure, while he was living, of calling him their friend.

THE Russian correspondent of a daily contemporary states, that the project of founding a university, for women, at St. Petersburg, has fallen through, the Government having refused to grant the necessary permission. Public lectures have been, however, commenced, at which women are taught history, Russian literature, foreign languages, mathematics, etc. These lectures are said to be largely attended by women of all classes. As with ourselves, many persons are no doubt found in Russia, to whom the idea of a college or university life for women, is entirely repugnant, and yet, who wish well to the cause of women's education. Besides, many women may desire to extend their knowledge, who yet would find a college life unsuitable or impossible. For such persons, everywhere, lectures are better suited than college work would be.

AN illustration of the horrible injustice of the law toward men, and of the importance of conceding some additional protection toward that oppressed and humble portion of humanity, was lately afforded in London. A man and his wife were apprehended in a cab with one hundred and twenty-two pounds of contraband tobacco in their possession. They were taken before a magistrate; the evidence was demonstrative as to both parties, and the end was that the man was convicted and the woman discharged. She was discharged, not as innocent, but as a married woman acting in concert with her husband. The magistrate did not even seem to have thought the production of a marriage certificate necessary. This case is very instructive, and it is only one of a thousand.

THE project of a line of steamers from San Francisco to Australia is taking a practical form, and needs but a little stimulus from the Government to be successful. The line connecting with Panama, as is well known, was a failure, principally, because of the vast stretch of the ocean voyage on the Pacific, of upward of 6,500 miles, in which there was no "relay house" or coaling station. From San Francisco the distance is 700 miles less, to start with, with the Sandwich and Feejee Islands—important in themselves, and fine coaling stations—intervening.

MR. HOLBROOK, for many years partner and associate editor with the late George W. Kendall, in the New Orleans *Picayune*, has raised a monument to Mr. Kendall, bearing the following inscription, which is only a just tribute to that most genial and excellent man:

"George Wilkins Kendall, born in New Hampshire, August 22, 1800; died at Post Oak Spring, Texas, October 21, 1867; printer, journalist, author, farmer—eminent at all; clear head, stout heart, strong hand; a man of many friends—most loved by those who knew him best."

M. NESTLE, of Vevey, in Switzerland, has proposed the introduction of a new food for young infants, to which he gives the name of *lactéal farina*. This food is composed of perfectly pure milk, evaporated in a vacuum at a low temperature, of bread which has been submitted to a

high temperature, and of sugar. These ingredients are incorporated in certain proportions, calculated to produce a food of similar composition to human milk. If some other benefactor of his race would supplement Monsieur Nestle's contrivance by a patent automaton to administer the maternal fluid, wonderful results might be obtained. The old and tedious system of bringing orphans up by hand would be superseded, fashionable mothers would be relieved from the onerous task of nursing, and no one can doubt that the crop of aristocratic infants would be largely increased in consequence.

MR. BULL RUN RUSSELL tells the following amusing story of servile life in Egypt:

"Two men had a dispute over some matter of sale, and from words one of them, the larger and stronger, resorted to a sounding box on the eye of his antagonist. The latter put his hand to his face, looked round with one glaring orb at the crowd which had been collected by the controversy, and, singling out a laughing donkey-boy, administered to him a tremendous cuff on the side of the head. A few yards away there sat a child of eight or nine years of age against the wall of a house, innocently sucking a piece of sugar-cane. The donkey-boy at once charged him, and kicked him in the ribs. The little fellow looked up, uttered a cry of rage, and seizing a large paving-stone which lay close at hand, flung it—at the donkey-boy—oh, certainly not! but at a poor street dog which lay asleep close at hand. The dog immediately went off howling, and no doubt bit a small puppy to ease its mind."

The suggestion of a "World's Exposition" in Washington next year is too absurd to be entertained. Neither the time nor the place is appropriate. These exhibitions should not follow so closely on each other. Mile-stones are never placed adjoining each other, and these exhibitions should be so adjusted as to designate stages and epochs of progress. A much more sensible suggestion is that of having such an exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, the centennial anniversary of our national existence. Philadelphia is the largest manufacturing city of the continent, and its selection would be in every way appropriate.

THE annual value of the raw sugar made from beetroot in France now exceeds \$25,000,000 in value. The total number of beetroot sugar factories on the continent amounts to more than 1,800, turning out the enormous quantity of 611,000 tons of sugar per season. Beetroot sugar is successfully competing with cane sugar in the London and other English markets.

ACCORDING to a recent estimate, the population of the globe is about 1,228,000,000 souls. Of this number 552,000,000 belong to the Mongolian race; 360,000,000 to the Caucasian; 190,000,000 to the Ethiopian; 176,000,000 to the Malay, and 1,000,000 to the Indo-American race. The annual mortality is over 33,000,000.

CANCER.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M.D.

Of all the cruel diseases which afflict humanity, cancer is the direst. There are no alleviating or extenuating circumstances connected with it, from its very inception to its ultimate finishing. Its recognition is a death-warrant, and the only hope that remains is that there is possibly some mistake, or that its incipient attack is upon some comparatively unimportant part of the organism, and so accessible that the knife may remove it before the general system becomes tainted.

Pain, of the most excruciating intensity, is its constant associate. Debilitating hemorrhages and secretions increase with it; and, finally, a general poisoning of the system, nauseating the stomach, producing a want of appetite for food, and incapacity for digesting and assimilating it—in itself almost fatal.

One would think that this would fill the cup of woe to overflowing; but to a sweet, lovely woman—to a sensitive and delicate sensibility—there is one horror still more dreaded, one last agony harder to bear, than the torture of those agonizing twinges that soon must result in rending asunder the bonds of flesh, and allow the chastened soul to wing its way to the unseen and the infinite. Who that has ever loved but that would dread—as worse than death, as more fearful than the sharpest pain—to see one's self an object of disgust and an offense? This fear haunts the minds of these patient sufferers—and yet how wrongly. They have loved; and can they forget how sweet were the moles, and marks, and hideous scars of their dear friends? Can they not remember how the repulsive birth-stain, that so marred their friend, grew, in the light of affection, into disregard, and, warmed by love, blossomed into beauty? I can assure any doubter that, so far from finding any offense to the senses on entering the sick-room of one of these patient sufferers, waiting serenely for the coming of the angel of death, a holy awe seems to leave the air laden with perfumes, and we enter, impressed with a fervor such as oppresses the priest when, amid frankincense and myrrh, he approaches the Holy of Holies.

She is in my memory now, as she is daily before my vision—that pellucid saint. Suffering and agony have marbled that fair brow; pain and torture have sowed lilies where once were beds of roses, and the light of heaven gleams forth from the wondrous depths of those glorious orbs, where love so fondly nestled, and

where now, purified and exalted, the blue ether of the other world—on the very confines of which she so unshrinkingly stands—flashes through, oft and anon, warming one's heart to the inmost core.

Physical torture may writhe the body, but the radiant serenity of that angelic countenance is undisturbed. Resplendent in pale glory, that placid face shall linger ever in the memory of her friends.

This is no exceptional case, for suffering is a great purifier; its fire destroys all the grosser elements, leaving its sublimed essence spotless.

We remember, too, Mrs. Fu—r, whose nearly fourscore years of almost continued health was brought to a rapid close by this disease. Suffering seemed but to make her heart tender and more abounding, and a youthful geniality pervaded all her thoughts and actions.

Indeed, long-continued severe pain, akin to torture, seems to purify the whole nature, to drive from it all selfishness, and to implant in its place the most angelic of the Christian graces. We need only look at those of our acquaintance, who have lived through the prolonged agonies of hip and spinal diseases, and now, by the sweetness of their tempers and the amenities of their dispositions, actually make their physical consequent deformities to be pleasing and lovely to the sight. I have never yet known one individual thus distorted that was not apparently repaid tenfold by the sweetness of character distilled from such prolonged suffering and deprivation as they have necessarily endured. Victor Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame" is indeed a mythical character, especially in so far as he ascribes to him other attributes than unusual love and exquisitely tender susceptibilities.

Unfortunately, the angelic graces begotten by exquisite suffering do not necessarily remain to enchant the world during a protracted convalescence and subsequent restoration to comparative health.

Cancer is a disease of the system, originating in some depravation of the blood, and having a local manifestation developed by chance, by some irritation, or the result of accident—as the friction of a pipe-stem upon the lip of the tobacco smoker, or a blow upon the breast of a female.

It is generally a disease of middle and after life, coming on in connection with the grand climacteric of females, and in those organs whose labors being about to close, are the seat of unusual irritation and excitement.

There is very generally a latent cause for the disease, and that is its hereditary character. More frequently, perhaps, than is recognized, is this the case. In this country, many are not fully aware of the family peculiarities; often, too, they do not recognize, under the nomenclature given to an ancestor's complaint, that it was a generic disease, which may develop itself in various methods, and which is recognized by pathologists as being the same type of disease.

All hereditary diseases have this peculiarity, that they do not necessarily appear in every descendant, often, in fact, overleaping an entire generation, to reappear in the third or fourth. This is frequently owing to a change in the manner of life, in the residence, etc. The result of some chance or misfortune, a family leave their hereditary acres, and the old homestead, and in other climes seek for fame and fortune. In the new home, health has awaited them; but a succeeding generation, with their new wealth and fame, finds an awakening desire to buy back again the lands of their fathers; and again coming into the walls which—perhaps hallowed by time and prized for the memories of the past—are yet malarious, and by their fatal influence revive again the seeds of disease which would have faded away and disappeared under the protracted influences of a more salubrious atmosphere.

The most common origin of cancer at the present day, as seen with us, is mental disquietude, the worry and fret of life, under which so many seem to strive. The struggle for appearances, or even for the necessities of life, on those who have by misfortune come down from a condition of comfort and ease, to one quite the reverse—I do not mean to actual want of food—but to an inability to maintain the old position—where there are strivings and vain regrets and heart-burnings—to that sorrow of heart which comes from the loss of children or wife or husband, or to what is far worse, to shame at their degradation, unworthiness or sin.

These prey upon the mind, destroy the appetite for food, drive away healthy sleep, weary the brain and nervous centres of life, and poison the blood. To them the sun has no warmth, food no sweetness of taste or nourishment, and life no joy. Cancer comes to visit these sufferers, and soon brings an end to their woes. It has not needed its horrors to wean one thus suffering, from life, but it makes death indeed welcome.

There are two persons more whom this disease especially afflicts. It is the nurse who sits, day after day, by the patient's bedside; who must be a constant witness to the unassuaged agony, to the writhings of pain, to the prayers for relief. It is the medical man who, this side of heaven, brings all the comfort for the body that is known, and whose heart is wrung at the impotency of his art; who strives to bring a cheerful countenance and pleasant words to distressed humanity, but who leaves with a sad heart; for he carries away with him, throughout the day, and to his own bed, the constant reflection of his powerlessness, not to save life, but, often, to materially lessen the agonizing woes.

The great relief comes from the administration of narcotics and anodynes, and happy is the one whose system bears these kindly, and is pleasantly influenced by them. The discovery of anesthetics, and, more recently, the powerful and immediate effects of hypodermic medication, have been the greatest advance in

the treatment of such diseases when their removal by the knife or topical appliances have been impossible.

But the progress of science is still forward. We may hope that before another century has passed away the rapid advances of the healing art will, in its discoveries, find something that shall not only alleviate, more effectually than at present, the sufferings of those unhappy ones, but also to effectually cure the diseases themselves. Some advance toward it is made by the improvements in the treatment of consumption, scrofula, and other allied diseases. The discoveries of photography, telegraphy, etc., are not more wonderful than the discoveries in medicine. The healing art is as progressive as any department of science, and active minds and kind hearts are hourly, by day and night, seeking, from the whole arcana of nature, relief for human suffering, and to produce health—without which all the gems and gold of the Indies are valueless and empty imaginations.

But I may not leave this subject without saying one word to warn the sufferers against the horde of so-called "Cancer Doctors." If they merely quickly killed the poor sufferers, I should have no word of objection to make. But they villainously rob the dying of the little that poverty has left them to mitigate the horrors of their lingering death. They promise to remove cancers without the knife, but with arsenical salves infinitely more torturing. They remove healthy tumors truly, with permanent cure; but when they eat away with dire tortments a true cancer, it is only to reappear in the same or some worse place.

"Cancer-curers" belong to the ignorant dark ages. No real man would hold a cure of such a disease as a secret for money-getting. His heart would burst to tell humanity that one of the greatest sufferings of life was no longer to be dreaded. He would find it impossible to dam up such beneficent news in his breast. No, the "cancer-curer" is a leech and a vampire, that, ghoul-like, revels among the dead. If you ever see one, you will note, by his appearance, that he is ashamed of himself, and he is execrated by all who know him.

THE STATUE OF NATHANIEL GREENE.

We present to our readers this week an engraving of the spirited statue of Major-General Nathaniel Greene, of the Revolutionary Army, which the State of Rhode Island has placed in the old Hall of the House of Representatives, at Washington, set apart by Congress for a National Art Gallery.

The statue is pronounced, by all judges who have seen it, the finest work of Art in the National Capital; nor has a grander, or a more graceful statue been produced by any modern sculptor. The marble came from the celebrated quarries of Cerri Vezza, in Italy, pure and almost veinless. The work was executed in the studio of the artist, at Newburgh, on the Hudson. The figure is a little larger than life; the features are faithfully copied from a striking natural portrait in the possession of his family; and the uniform is that of the glorious old Continental Army, which the artist has adapted admirably. The attitude of the figure is heroic, as if listening to instructions of the commander-in-chief, and inspired by a determination that they shall be promptly executed. The left arm is raised, and a military cloak is thrown over it, falling in graceful folds, while the left hand grasps the scabbard of a sheathed sword, as if holding it in readiness to be drawn. To the courageous and dignified men of the soldier, the sculptor has added the beautiful and expressive expression of countenance which distinguished General Greene in life.

The statue was executed by Henry K. Brown, at his delightful retreat at Newburgh, on the Hudson, and may be regarded as the greatest success of his artistic career.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Northern Africa.—Types of Tunisians.

Tunis, which is bounded on the north and east by the waters of the Mediterranean, has an area of about seventy thousand square miles, and a population of 2,500,000, an overwhelming majority of whom are bigoted Mohammedans. The Tunisians are Arabs, with a strong inclination for the desert. Necessity, however, compels them to cultivate the soil, but in a most slovenly manner and in the towns follow, in a rude way, certain mechanical pursuits. The higher and governing classes are polite, but haughty, and all are courageous, but offensively boastful, regarding as on a level with the brute creation those who refuse to accept Mohammed as the only and true Prophet of God. Notwithstanding the shiftless lives led by the larger portion of the inhabitants of the interior, and the crude system of agriculture pursued, the annual yield of wheat, barley, maize, olives, etc., is large, and the duties derived from these and the exportation of metals—principally silver, lead and copper—are quite sufficient to provide the government with means to enforce the laws which the bey, a wholly irresponsible officer, of his own motion may make. Tunis is, nominally, tributary to the Sultan of Turkey, but, in reality, independent of every exterior influence. The Tunisians are, in the agricultural and mountainous districts, of Arabian origin; while in the towns, particularly on the coast, they are not without negro and European blood in their veins. Our illustrations present types of the inhabitants of Tunis, including the governing, military, agricultural and mechanical classes.

The Terrible Accident on the Jourdan Boulevard, Marseilles, France.

On the 4th ult., in consequence of the inundation of the quarter of the city of Marseilles known as the Crottes, three buildings fell with a loud crash, burying beneath the ruins several women and one or two men. It was at first supposed, from the peculiar noise made by the falling structures, that an engine-boiler in the workshops of the Frayssinet Company had exploded. On searching the ruins, the dead bodies of a man and

woman were found buried in the debris, and ten persons seriously injured. These were at once removed to the hospitals. For some days before the accident, heavy and continuous showers had visited the Southern coast, inundating the department. The water had in some manner undermined the foundations of these dwellings and workshops, and these, no longer capable of sustaining the superincumbent weight of the walls, gave way. The quarter of Marseilles called the Crottes, is, as the name indicates, a squalid, marshy, unhealthy place, badly drained, and filled with pools of stagnant water.

Spain.—Attack by Liberalists on Carlist Prisoners at the Railway Station of Murcia.

On the 15th ult., a railway-coach, in which were several Carlists—prisoners, arrested by the Madrid authorities—arrived at the railroad station of the ancient city of Murcia. On the stoppage of the train, from a spirit of bravado, or else persuaded that the people were inclined to their side of politics, they cried out: "Viva Charles VII." On hearing the obnoxious name of the chief of Carlists the Liberalists, who happened to be near the station, furiously assaulted the offenders. In a few minutes the fight became general, and, had not the governor of the city opportunely arrived with a company of soldiers, the prisoners of the train would, in all probability, have been severely handled. Subsequently, on order being restored, the police arrested the most conspicuous of the rioters, who, on being arraigned before a local magistrate, were sentenced to imprisonment.

Booths for Sheltering Cabmen, when on their Stands.

In many of the larger towns of England there have been introduced, for the protection of drivers of vehicles, huts or booths. These small structures are made of wood and glass, prettily ornamented, and do not encumber the streets or squares in which they are placed. They are constructed somewhat after the fashion of the booths which the Street Commissioner permitted the organization known as the Soldiers' Messenger Company to place in many of the public thoroughfares of New York, and which are now occasionally to be met with as stands for the vending of questionable pies and peculiarly-flavored fruits—they having been sold to this class of street-merchant on the collapse of the company. These, or booths of a fashion more capacious and better finished, might be placed on the edge of the City Hall Park, at the backstand, in Union, Chatham, and other squares, and on Fifty-ninth street, between Fifth and Eighth avenues, for the accommodation of the men who are in charge of the carriages stationed at those places. Certainly, if huts are beneficial to hackmen in the cities of England, where the thermometer rarely falls to zero, how much more useful would they prove in our climate of extreme temperatures—of rigorous winters and torrid summers?

M. Flourens Proclaiming the Republic, at a Public Meeting in Paris.

M. Flourens, a follower of Rochefort, as ardent and as indiscreet, on the evening (during the recent *emue*) of the arrest of his friend, thought to hasten the solution of the great governmental problem himself and compatriots entertained, by proclaiming the republic. The scene in the hall of the Marseillaise, where the meeting was convened, was exceedingly melodramatic, and, as subsequent events proved, ill-timed. M. Flourens, on mounting the platform, drew a revolver, and then gravely invited those present to abjure the empire, and offer their lives, their property, and their honor as patriots, if called upon, to firmly establish in its place a government founded on the "liberty, equality, and fraternity" of all Frenchmen who were not Bourbons, Orleansists, or Bonapartists. The assemblage pledged their "honor" as required, and then deliberately adjourned to their homes and beds, the police not interfering.

Searching the Tool-Chests of Discharged Workmen at the Chatham Dock-yard, England.

The dock-yards of the British Government, with a view to economy, have recently been rearranged, and work in several of them wholly or partially stopped. As a consequence of this resolution of the Admiralty, a large number of mechanics and laborers, including shipcarpenters, painters, caulkers, etc., have been discharged. These dismissals, however, are gradual, and made with as much regard to the welfare of the employed, without sacrificing the interests of the Government, as possible. On being discharged, the mechanic or laborer, if the owner of a chest for tools, is required to have it opened at the great gate of the dock-yard, and searched by policemen in attendance, in order that copper, or other valuable, or the tools of fellow-workmen, may not be pilfered. The scene is at times quite animated, and the discharged workmen submit to the inquisition of the police-officers with the utmost good humor.

England.—The Life-Saving Apparatus, and other Inventions, of Gen. Boxer.

General Boxer, of the British Army, and, until quite recently, Superintendent of the Royal Laboratory, is a fertile inventor. Besides many projectiles introduced into the artillery and other branches of the military service, he has originated a machine for firing life-saving rockets, by the aid of which, on the most dangerous coasts and in the midst of the most dreadful storms, communication can be established with those on imperiled vessels, and thus assist in getting them out of danger. The London Graphic recently published an engraving containing illustrations of his inventions, which we reproduce for the information of those interested in the peculiar subjects to which the inventor seems to have turned his entire attention. We append short descriptions of the diagrams: Fig. 1. A machine for firing life-saving rockets, now supplied to all the coast-guard stations. The chief novelty in this invention is comprised in Fig. 2. The rocket, or rather double rocket, so that when the force of the first is nearly expended, the second, becoming ignited, adds a fresh impulse to the flight, and thus a greater range is attained. Fig. 4. Is a section of the central fire cartridge for breech-loading small arms. This is so well known as to need no comment. Fig. 5. Wooden time-fuse for diaphragm shrapnel shell. The side channel seen in the section is filled with meal powder, and communication with the bursting charge obtained by boring one of the side holes through to the fuse composition, which is ignited by the flash from the gun. Fig. 6. Time-fuse for muzzle-loading rifle ordnance. This is on the same principle as Fig. 5; but as the projectile always carries the fuse in front, the head of the latter is closed, to prevent its burning too rapidly, and the fire escapes by the side holes. Fig. 7. Section of fuse for breech-loading common shell. This is filled with a detonating arrangement, the fire escaping from the

side holes, as in Fig. 8. Fig. 8. Quill friction-tube for the navy. This is a simple quill filled with meal powder, and fitted with a friction arrangement in the head. There is also a loop to place over a pin, so that the quill shall not bend on the pulling of the trigger line. Figs. 9 and 10. Shrapnel-shell for rifled ordnance. This is formed of an iron casing filled with leaden bullets; a channel forms the communication between the fuse in front, which is ignited by the shock of discharge, and the bursting charge in the rear.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON is quite ill at Mobile.

THE receipts of Booth's Theatre during January, were over \$50,000.

LONGFELLOW has been dining and wining Fechter. Dramatic and poetic.

THE Pope has conferred upon M. Leybach the order of Gregory the Great.

MADAME VIARDOT-GARCIA is at Vienna, singing at the Court concerts.

SIGNOR FRASCHINI has returned to Paris, and will reappear at the Italiens.

M. OFFENBACH has sent to the Opera Comique two acts of his "Fantasio."

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG gets \$350 per night for singing in miscellaneous concerts.

"LA GRANDE DUCHESSE" has been played at Constantinople, and earned success.

HERR WACHTEL, we understand, intends visiting America after the London season.

OLE BULL will soon come East from California, and give concerts in the large cities.

M. SIVORI has arrived in Paris, after a successful tour in Italy and the French provinces.

A COMMISSION has been appointed to inquire into and reconstitute the Conservatoire at Paris.

THE City Council of Baltimore is taking steps to prevent trapeze performances in that city.

MISS KATE BATEMAN, whose Southern engagement has been shortened by illness, will shortly leave for a summer trip to Europe.

A PANTOMIME, called "Lalla Rookh," has been produced at Lewis's Theatre, on the Maidan, Calcutta, and is reported to be a success.

THERE are only 112 sopranos, 34 contraltos, 37 tenors, 69 baritones and 46 basses waiting engagements at Milan. Why don't the managers propose?

A NEW opera by Offenbach, called "Fantasio," composed during a recent stay at Vienna and Italy, has been delivered, and will be brought out in April.

AN effort is being made in Belgium to revive the Flemish school of music, of which Breugnot, Arcadelt, Ockeghem, and Lassus are the chief ornaments.

UPON retiring from the post of Director of the French Court balls, after twenty-one years' service, M. Strauss has been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

MR. DION BOURCAULT will write the libretto of the next opera produced at the London Lyceum. This work is "Le Petit Faust," by Hervé, the composer of "Chilpéric."

A YOUNG Dutch violinist, now in Paris, is producing a great sensation in private circles. He is described by a musical correspondent as second to none of the rising violinists of the day.

M. SIEGFRIED SALOMON, composer of an opera entitled "The Rose of the Carpathians," has received from the King of Sweden, a gold medal bearing the inscription: "Litteris et Artibus."

It is proposed to produce, for the first time, on the 10th of May next, at St. James's Hall, London, under the immediate patronage of H. R. H. The Princess Christian, an Oratorio, entitled the "Return of the Prodigal."

VICTOR HUGO complains that for twenty years his dramas have been placed in quarantine as pestiferous, and seems to fear that, although at length released, they are not altogether free from the suspicion of contagion even now.

THE Abbate Franz Liszt is working upon a poem, "King Stephen," treated in the Hungarian style, whatever that may be. According to report, the work is intended to inaugurate the series of Philharmonic concerts at Pesth next winter.

THE Milan "Fama" announces that Prince Poniatowski, the eminent composer, has three operas in hand—one for Paris, libretto by Saint-Georges; another for the Théâtre Grec, libretto by Dumas; and another founded on Tasso's "Aminta," for Môme. Fatti.

A NEW instrument, the Typophone, has been exhibited in private circles in Paris. It is of the piano-forte species, composed of ordinary diapasons, tuned to the gamut and struck by piano-hammers. The sound is described as silvery, resembling a bell, and more penetrating than a harp.

A GERMAN clergyman, Herr Kaim, of Biberich, is about to bring out several unpublished compositions of Haydn, written upon half-a-dozen French proverbs while the master was staying at the monastery of Ochsenhausen near Biberich, and offered as a compliment to the monks of that retreat.

SO MUCH ingenuity is shown in the offerings made to artists, that we are half inclined to think the artists themselves devote their spare time to the subject. At Nice, recently, a bouquet was tendered to an actress, having concealed within it a jeweled night-gale, enclosed in a golden cage. The recipient is said not to have discovered her prize for some time, which saying, who will—may believe.

MR. AND MRS. HOWARD PAUL are traveling in New York State. They are announced to appear in Albany, Syracuse, Auburn and Rochester. We assure our readers in those localities, that the entertainments given by this talented couple are of the most brilliant and amusing description. Mrs. Howard Paul's voice is a contralto of the finest quality, and Mr. Howard Paul's bouffe-singing is full of character and point.

It may not be known that, outside the circle of amateur singers whose names are familiar to the public, there is a modest young lady, a native of Albany, N. Y., whose wonderful musical powers will lead her to a high position in the operatic profession. Miss La Jeunesse has been educated in this country, with the exception of six months spent at Milan in the school of Lamperti—the greatest teacher for the soprano voice in the world—where she graduated with the highest honors, exhibiting her powers before some of the best critics of the day, among whom was Prince Poniatowski, the celebrated composer, who complimented her personally in the highest terms. She has made brilliant successes in the fashionable and artistic salons of Paris, and recently made a debut in Sicily, at Messina, with the most flattering success. She appeared, in Messina, in "Sonnambula" and "Lucia," under the name of Albani—which is the name of her birthplace, Albany, Italianized—and received the highest commendations of the press.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 19.



AFRICA.—TYPES OF TUNISIANS—MAGISTRATES AND SOLDIERS.



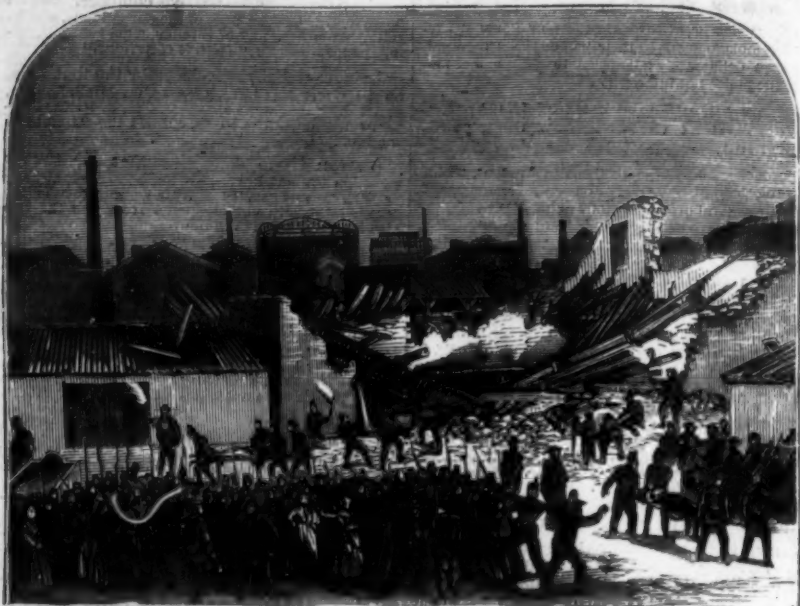
ENGLAND.—DESIGN FOR CABMEN'S HUT, IN BIRMINGHAM.



AFRICA.—TYPES OF TUNISIANS—PEASANTRY.



FRANCE.—M. FLORENS PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC, AT A PUBLIC MEETING IN PARIS.



FRANCE.—THE TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE JOURDAN BOULEVARD, MARSEILLES.



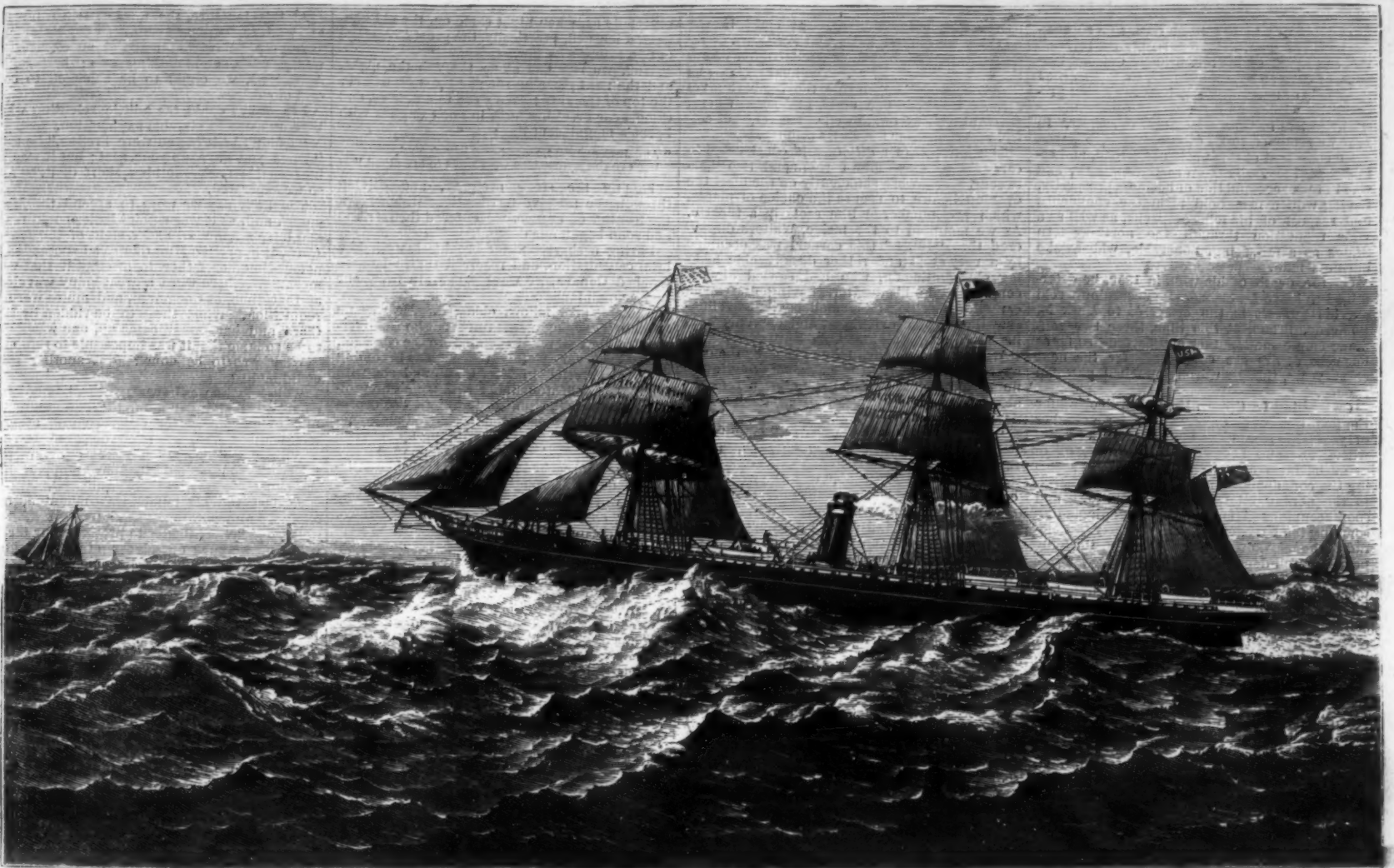
ENGLAND.—CHATHAM DOCKYARD—SEARCHING THE TOOL-CHESTS OF DISCHARGED WORKMEN.



SPAIN.—ATTACK BY LIBERALISTS ON CARLIST PRISONERS AT THE RAILWAY STATION OF MURCIA.



ENGLAND.—THE INVENTIONS OF GENERAL BOXER, OF THE BRITISH ARMY—LIFE-SAVING ROCKET AND BRILLIANT PROJECTILE.



U. S. MAIL STEAMSHIP CITY OF BOSTON.—LEFT THE PORT OF NEW YORK ON THE 25TH, AND WAS LAST HEARD FROM AT HALIFAX, JANUARY 28TH, 1870.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OIL PAINTING.

THE MISSING MAIL STEAMSHIP CITY OF BOSTON.

THE anxiety regarding the fate of the Inman mail steamship, City of Boston, which left this port for Liverpool, January 25th, and of which nothing has been heard since she called at Halifax, three days after sailing, has increased until the public in general, and the friends of the passengers in particular, have abandoned all hopes of her safety. The officers of the company are, however, confident she has not been lost, and cite instances where steamships have drifted about for many weeks, in consequence of accidents to rudder, propellers, or

engines, and have finally reached port without loss of life.

The City of Boston was built at Glasgow, in 1865. She was very symmetrical in her lines, and being built for carrying rather than speed, was a remarkably fine sea-boat. She had two engines of 300 nominal horse-power, and four boilers, and was furnished with a donkey-boiler and engine, and a number of pumps to be used in case of accident to her hull, or in case of fire. Her house, built on the main deck, ran from stem to stern, the upper portion forming a promenade deck. All of the after-part of the ship, from the engine-room, was for the accommodation of first-class passengers, and contained a saloon 60 feet

in length and 13 feet wide, and a lower saloon fitted up with state-rooms capable of accommodating over 100 first-class passengers. The steerages and second cabin were forward of the engine, and were well lighted and well ventilated. She had ten first-class life-boats, all in good order and easy to be launched. She was on her forty-third voyage, when leaving here, and was considered in every respect well-conditioned and well-found. Her spars were in good order, and she had an ample supply of spare canvas, and, being ship-rigged, she could make good headway under sail alone.

CHARLES. P. SYKES.

C. P. SYKES, the subject of our present sketch, is the widely known and respected publisher and general business manager of the New York Daily Democrat, and Pomeroy's Weekly Democrat, issued in this city. Mr. Sykes was born in the town of Eaton, Madison county, in this State, of English and German parentage, September 16, 1824, and is now in the full prime and vigor of his powers.

In 1827 his parents moved to Guilford, Chenango County, New York, where he continued to reside until 1854,

working on a farm, receiving no special advantages of education.

In 1829 he lost his father, and two years later, his mother married Mr. Asa Haven, a widower, with a number of children, and the two families were united in one, living harmoniously. One of Mr. Haven's sons became a member of the well-known law firm of Fillmore, Hall & Haven, of Buffalo, the head of which afterward became President of the United States. The subject of our sketch soon became a favorite with his step-father, and was selected by him, in preference to any of his own children, to take charge of the home-farm and of the family. This unusual

preference was cheerfully acquiesced in by every member of the family, and thus Charles was induced, by his respect and affection for his parents, to forgo the cherished desire to secure a finished education, and to enter upon the profession of the ministry in connection with the Universalist denomination. This sacrificing of his strong inclinations and personal preference had the effect not only to prevent his achieving the benefits of a liberal education, but to keep him from affairs of public concern until a comparatively late period. Notwithstanding, by his admirable natural powers, energy, tact, sagacity and perseverance, he has



STATUE OF GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 19.



Yours Truly
C. P. Sykes

forced his way to the front rank as a successful business man. Having struggled through the early part of his life, bearing unusual burdens of care and responsibility, he has learned the needs of humanity, and how to respect properly the wishes and the wants of the industrial and less fortunate members of society. In 1864 he removed to La Crosse, Wis.

He remained at this place until 1860, and established the *Daily La Crosse Democrat*, and was in the successful tide of business prosperity, having won a firm hold upon the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens, as well as a wide reputation through the north-western States as a far-seeing, honorable, wide-awake business man.

On the death of his wife, in 1859, he determined to leave La Crosse. He accordingly sold out his interest in the *Democrat* to Mark M. Pomeroy. Thus, at this time, these two self-made men came together and parted—so far as business affairs are concerned—for the next eight years, though warmly attached personal friends.

On leaving La Crosse, Mr. Sykes decided for the gold regions of Colorado, and for a number of years he resided at Central City, Colorado, where he soon became known as a man of great business capacity and enterprise, securing the confidence of all. He devoted himself to the mining interests of the territory, and soon accumulated an ample fortune, including some of the best gold mining property in Colorado; he also owns an interest in the only petroleum oil deposit in the territory. He was the first person to perceive the necessity for placing the mining interests of Colorado before Eastern capitalists, coming to New York himself (though at the time he was suffering from a serious injury to one of his ankles), and organizing several first-class mining companies, after which he returned to Colorado; this was in 1863. At the close of the war, Western securities and business enterprises became much depressed, and, with others, Mr. Sykes suffered heavily, losing more than \$60,000 of his hard-earned fortune. This mishap, however, did not dishearten or discourage him. He immediately turned his attention to other business enterprises, in which he regained a portion of his lost fortune. During all this time, Mr. Pomeroy had been making him repeated overtures to engage with him as publisher and business manager; but it was not until the spring of 1869 that Mr. Sykes was enabled to disengage himself, and accept the very liberal terms offered him by Mr. Pomeroy, when he did so, and became publisher and business manager of the *Democrat*, which, under his direction, has been decidedly successful. He has inaugurated many improvements in the business management, introducing a system of pony express wagons for the prompt delivery, in all parts of the city, of the various editions of the *Democrat*, the price of which he has reduced to one cent per copy.

Personally, Mr. Sykes is a genial, sympathetic, agreeable and generous man, and his fine social qualities make him welcome in all circles. He has become a feared and respected power in the political organization to which he belongs. He holds several important public and private positions, among which may be named a trusteeship in the Eclectic Medical Dispensary of this city, and a directorship in an important steamship company. He is now living with his second wife, an accomplished lady, by whom he has two very promising children, and is the centre of a delightful home. On entering upon his duties as publisher of the *Democrat*, he was cordially commended to public confidence by Mr. Greeley, in the *Tribune*, and by Mr. Pomeroy, in the *Democrat*, which commendation he had honestly earned.

NO ENGLISH SPOKEN.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL.

AUTHOR OF "ST. LUIGER," "TO-DAY, A ROMANCE," ETC., ETC.

THERE were four of us who determined on a Swiss tour for that summer vacation. Four young men—the oldest but twenty-three—who, during a two years' sojourn in the Latin Quarter, Paris, had become very intimate—Walters, Reaume, Stoughton, and myself.

It is difficult to explain friendships. So it is impossible to conjecture how, from large masses of students, certain ones, to all appearance unlike in character and temperament, gravitate toward each other, and become fixed friends. Certainly, in this case, no more incongruous natures ever united to form a solidarity. Law, medicine, theology, science—each was represented in one of us. Serious, lively, deliberate, impetuous—there we were. One quality, though, in common. Youth still held an undivided empire in all. Youth! Ah! that is the tallman. No visions of the practical yet haunted us. No doubts of the future, no hesitation, no selfish calculations, disturbed the current of our life-blood.

"Why are we so wise when we are young—so wise, and ever growing less so?" was the plaint of the great German philosopher, and—But I started to tell a pleasant little story, and already begin to moralize.

In connection with our tour, we made what might be called a whimsical compact. It was agreed that in no case, and under no circumstances, should either of us speak English, except when absolutely alone together. We were, as far as possible, to avoid our own countrymen, and never to confess to any nationality—we would be cosmopolites. *Va!* As we were tolerable masters of French and German, to say nothing of fair proficiency in Italian, with lots of Greek and Latin, we counted on having a great deal of fun in our new rôle.

The day before starting was spent in careful preparations. The personal effects of each were reduced to the compass of a knapsack. Our other moveables were safely stored in the

room of a fellow-student. At eight in the morning we quitted Paris by the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, then finished as far as Dijon, where the diligence awaited us. The next day saw us snugly stowed away inside the lumbering vehicle. We spent one night at Lyons, where, rising at five, we swallowed some very hot coffee, and struck for the Swiss country.

The interior of a diligence is constructed to carry six persons—four corners and two "betweens." We were sufficiently on the alert the evening before to secure the choice of places, which are numbered like seats in a theatre. As we mounted to the inside, Walters discovered that "No. 4" (his corner) was occupied by a very stout and rather disagreeable-looking old gentleman, who had settled himself comfortably in his quarters, having first made careful disposition of a small bag, a traveling-shawl, and some overshoes, and ensconced his head in a cotton nightcap.

Walters was so much taken aback by the cool appropriation of his place—something quite unheard of—that he did not notice a remarkably pretty young lady who occupied a seat next to the old gentleman.

"I beg your pardon," said Walters, addressing the occupant in very good French, "but I think you have my place."

"*Nong parley Frongsay*," was the reply, accompanied by an obstinate shake of the head.

In return for this announcement, Walters quietly made demand for his seat, accompanying his request by an explanatory gesture.

"What does the fellow say, Clara?" exclaimed the old chap, turning to the young lady.

"He says you have his seat, papa," was the reply, in very sweet tones.

"His seat? I like that. Didn't I come twenty minutes ahead of time on purpose? His seat?"

"Permit me to remark, with entire respect, to mademoiselle," said Walters, "that we engage particular places in the diligence, and that number four is mine. I will request the officer to explain," he continued, seeing the old man remained obstinate; and with that he descended, and calling to the person referred to, awaited the result.

These matters are managed very despotically in France. When you violate any rule of the road, you are treated very much as if you had committed a crime. The official glanced quickly into the carriage, darted a savage look at the old gentleman, exclaiming, "Your place is No. 5. You knew it very well."

"My father does not understand French," echoed the sweet tones of the young lady.

"*Il faut expliquer*," growled the official. "You must inform him his place is there," pointing to the middle seat.

"What's all this hubbub about?" said the old gentleman, addressing his daughter, but not budging an iota. He put me in mind of an old badger, with his head half-way out of his hole to reconnoitre.

The young lady replied at some length. "Humbly! abominable imposition!" he muttered. But there was that in the manner of the official which was not to be trifled with, and he slowly commenced preparations for moving.

All this time Reaume, Stoughton and myself were snugly in our seats, watching with interest the result of the affair, while Walters stood outside with the conductor, hearing, of course, all that passed. The sight of the young lady placed in such an embarrassing situation by the stubborn conduct of her father, was too much for his American nature. Suddenly he climbed into the diligence, and plumping himself squarely in the middle seat, he took off his hat to her, and protested he was very sorry he had said a word about it; the rule was so well understood in France, that he had thoughtlessly insisted on it, but he was not willing to disturb her father, especially as he was so comfortably located, and begged her particularly to make his sentiments understood to the paternal mind.

The young lady received the announcement as if happily relieved from a serious annoyance, while the old fellow asked, gruffly enough, "What is he talking about?"

It was duly repeated in English, much to our amusement; not only repeated, but the deprecatory portion was considerably enlarged on.

"Do appear to be pleased, father," she added.

"You see how polite he has been."

"The first Frenchman I ever met who had any manners," was the reply; and he nodded to Walters with the air of one who was accepting an apology.

Miss Clara (that was what her father called her), meantime expressed the old gentleman's thanks in very full terms—a rather free paraphrase, we thought, on what he really did say. This little incident, like most incidents of the kind, served to make us all well acquainted, and the most happy good-humor prevailed. The old gentleman did not prove to be as crusty as he first appeared, and having had his own way about the seat, grew talkative, not to say facetious, making observations to us which he would request his daughter to interpret.

Our situation was an odd one. All Americans—one very charming girl—yet carrying on conversation in a foreign language. But our compact was not to be broken—although Walters afterward confessed he would have given anything for the privilege of addressing his fair *vis-à-vis* in her native tongue. However, she spoke French well, and there was the advantage that the father could not understand one word of it.

But there was this embarrassing circumstance—we could not help hearing what was said between Miss Clara and her father, and it certainly appeared to be taking a not very honorable advantage. I fancied the young lady suspected that possibly we understood English; for what she said to him, was in a low voice, and was sufficiently guarded; but he was decidedly out-spoken. He indulged in free comments about us, and speculated widely as to who we were. Walters was the favorite. The graceful surrender of his seat had settled that,

especially as, when night came on, the old gentleman learned, practically, the great advantage of possessing a corner.

Well, we rumbled along through the night, and the next morning the sun burst on us over the top of the Jura! We were in ecstasies, and came near breaking forth in good English with Byron's magnificent line:

"And Jura answers, from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps which call to her aloud."

Passing the stone archway, and driving through the massive fortifications which mark the frontier of France, we entered Switzerland and soon began our descent.

During a short halt for breakfast, we held a brief consultation, and resolved that, when we reached Geneva, we would separate from our new acquaintances.

Walters, poor fellow, objected. He saw no harm in "keeping up the fun," but he was overruled, and was forced to conform to the compact. I could see very plainly that he was becoming deeply interested in Miss Clara, and she with him. The delicate manner with which he proffered his traveling-shawl—the night was cool—and the way she accepted it, showed me something tender was already springing up between them.

As we approached the town, the old gentleman inquired, through his daughter, what hotel we were going to. Stoughton made reply that we should not remain long in the place, and named a house, mainly frequented by gentlemen, on the north side but recommended the *Hôtel des Bergues* for them.

There we separated. At Geneva we made the usual excursions—"The meeting of the waters," Vevey, Ferney, Villeneuve, Chillon, and so on. Twice we encountered our companions of the diligence; and from the manner both of Walters and Miss Clara, I felt certain they had managed somehow to meet on other than chance occasions, though I was satisfied Walters had not betrayed his nationality.

From Geneva we hired a *char-à-banc* to Chamouni. As we drove up to the Grand Hotel de l'Union, whom should we see on the balcony but Miss Clara! Her father was not far off, and both seemed so glad to meet us, that positively my heart smote me for speaking to the young lady in French. I again noticed Walters' manner, and I cannot say that either he or Miss Clara exhibited very much surprise at meeting.

"This is an awkward piece of business," said Reaume, as we mounted to our large room to prepare for dinner.

"Very," said Stoughton.

"For my part, I don't see anything awkward about it," cried Walters. "I think it is very pleasant."

"But it stultifies our whole plan. We neither want English nor American acquaintances, no have we time for flirtations," retorted Reaume.

"We want a jolly good student's time together," echoed Stoughton. "Don't you say so?" turning to me.

I assented, although I was sorry for Walters, who evidently was already deep in love—so deep, that I feared he was liable to break bounds any moment.

The next day we made the ascent of the Breven, on the opposite side of the valley to Mont Blanc, which affords a magnificent view of the "Monarch" and the whole range, with its numerous peaks covered with snow, and the glaciers glistening in the sun.

The day after, in consequence of a headache, I remained at the hotel, while my companions undertook some petty excursions, so that we might make the important ones together.

It was late in the afternoon when I came down, feeling much better. I took my seat at one end of the balcony, where I was afterward joined by my old friend of the diligence, and his daughter. He began, as usual, to converse, and Miss Clara to interpret.

In the midst of this I was suddenly astounded by hearing three familiar voices—those, in fact, of Reaume, Stoughton and Walters, who were seated around a small table under a tree, a little way off, lustily chanting:

"Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Just take a look, and convinced you'll be
That Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see.
Just take a look, and convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
Convinced you'll be,
Be, be, be,
That Constance lies on the Boden-Boden-see!"

"What's that?" exclaimed the old gentleman, pricking up his ears, as the chant began, and looking in the direction of my unfortunate friends, whom he at once recognized. "What's that?" he asked again, as the song proceeded. "Isn't that English? It is English!"

I looked at Miss Clara. She looked at me. I could discern a roguish gleam of intelligence in her bright eyes—a happy gleam, I may say—and a smile half-suppressed.

It was too much. Especially as some good round English cadences fell on our ears, as they prepared to repeat the stanza.

I burst, incontinently, into a fit of laughter, in which, after a little, Miss Clara joined. Indeed, it was so emphatic, that the sounds reached my friends, who looked toward us in dismay. They had thoughtlessly been betrayed in this bit of students' nonsense.

"You speak English!" exclaimed the old gentleman, in wrath. "A trick—a paltry, contemptible trick!"

I hastened to explain—no longer in French—our, as we supposed, harmless little arrangement. I said how much embarrassed we had been, how we tried to avoid further intimacy, and so forth. I appealed to the young lady, who did her best to sustain me; but it was of no avail.

At this juncture, the musical trio came up, and each repeated and confirmed my statement. The old fellow would accept no excuse. It was a trick, and nothing else; besides, as Americans, we ought to be ashamed to conceal our origin.

I thought I could see a little relenting when Walters came to give his explanation.

"I didn't believe you were French," he said, "when you gave up your seat; but it was an inexcusable trick—nothing short of it." And so we separated.

The next day we were to ascend the *Montanvert*, and, as it was a point ladies could reach and have a fine view and a sight of the *Mer de Glace*, it happened Miss Clara had succeeded in persuading her father to attempt it that very morning. There were a great many travelers, at that time, at Chamouni, and mules were in requisition. When those to be ridden by Miss Clara and her father came up, one was found to be so lame that it was impossible to ride him.

What was to be done? Not another mule could be had.

Walters, who was hovering near, immediately came up, and insisted on the old gentleman taking his mule. The latter refused at first, but Walters was firm; he declared he had much rather walk, and the cunning fellow told the truth, for it would give him an opportunity to keep close by Miss Clara's side.

At last the old fellow was mounted, and away we all went.

It was idle any longer to preserve our incognito, and we gave ourselves up to a right good Yankee time. Our elderly companion at last was worked into excellent spirits. He ordered champagne when we reached the Chalet, and, before we descended, was willing to call our late conduct a foolish freak, instead of a trick, declaring he had been young once himself!

The visit to Chamouni, like all things here below, came to an end. Our bachelor compact, alas! also proved one of the futile things so often attempted, and never carried out. We separated from our friends, it is true, and went on by ourselves, but we met them ever and anon, when English came at once in play.

Yes, the charm with which we hoped to surround our trip was gone.

I do not suppose Walters thought so; for when we came back to Paris he made speedy arrangements to leave, and in September took passage for America, and at Christmas Miss Clara and he were married.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

PAUSE gently here—this flowery mound
Contains within a sacred trust;
Tread lightly, for 'tis hallowed ground,
Where love yields up its "dust to dust."

For every flower that blossoms here,
And every wild shrub waving by,
Hath oft been wet with many a tear,
And oft embalmed with many a sigh.

For here upon its silken hair,
From a young mother's fostering breast,
With soft, sweet eyes and features fair,
A cherub form was laid to rest.

The velvet cheek and fragrant lips,
Where love its dewy kisses press'd,
All, all beneath death's chill eclipse
Are gather'd here in dreamless rest.

And fond affection, lingering near,
Hath strewn here sweetest flow'rets round;
Breathe softly, for the dead are here;
Tread lightly, for 'tis hallowed ground.

OLE BULL.

THERE must be many a transient guest of the Westmoreland Hotel, in this city, who hear, proceeding from the next room to his own, such strains as one would say could come only from the violin that St. John plays before the throne of heaven in Fra Angelico's pictures—strains that really belong to a violin which was made, some hundreds of years ago, by Gaspar da Salo—whose case was sculptured by Benvenuto Cellini, and for which the Cardinal Aldobrandini paid three thousand golden ducats;—preserved for many years in the Treasury Chamber of the old town of Innsbruck, it finally was made part of the museum of a Bohemian nobleman, and at last came into the possession of Ole Bull.

"On the head of this curious violin," says Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, "is carved and colored an angel's face, surrounded by flowing curls of hair. Behind this figure, leaning against the shoulders, is a very beautiful little mermaid, the human form of which terminates in scales of green and gold. The neck of the instrument is ornamented with arabesques in blue, red and gold. Below the bridge is a mermaid in bronze. Thorwaldsen took great delight in examining these figures, and bestowed enthusiastic praise on the gracefulness of the design, and the excellence of the workmanship. Ole Bull was born in February, and, by an odd coincidence, the bridge of his darling violin is delicately carved with two intertwined fishes, like the zodiacal sign of February. Two little tritons, cut in ivory, are in one corner of the bow." In this bow, by the way, are set forty-five diamonds, the gift of the Queen of Norway and Sweden to her troubadour, and there are few of us who cannot remember its flashing line of light, that the music seemed to follow by enchantment, while the tall and slender figure of the player swayed as if with the wind of the melody.

Ole Bull, or, as some one once called him, Ole Bulbul, is the only one who ever played on that violin—it never having had any bar inside of it before he placed one there; and its interior surface is now completely scored and covered with the waved lines written there by the vibration of the tones with which he has thrilled it. "Doubtless," says Mrs. Child, "the angels

could sing from them fragmentary melodies of the universe."

But it was not on that king of violins that Ole Bull first awoke fame with the sweetness of his wild northern tunes. The little yellow violin, with which, when a child, he astonished the ears of the Norwegian hamlet, had been exchanged for one but slightly less simple, when he first went out to win his way, like sunshine, through the world; and it was at Bologna, in the year 1834, as Hans Christian Andersen informs us, that his earliest success found him. He had reached there penniless, discouraged, tired and hungry; unable to attract attention to his worth, to make any powerful friends, to obtain a hearing where a hearing was of service. On the second night of his sojourn, a grand concert was to be given by Malbran and De Beriot; the house was already thronged, the Grand Duke of Tuscany was in the royal box, when M. de Beriot announced his determination not to play, and kept his word, and left the manager in despair. At that crisis Madame Rossini entered, and told—as any guest of the Westmoreland might tell to-day—of the performer she by chance had heard sighing his melancholy fancies across the strings of a violin, and advised the manager to send in search of him. There was nothing else to do, and a messenger was dispatched, who finally found his attic. "To him," says Hans Christian Andersen, "it was a messenger from heaven. 'Now or never,' thought he; and, though ill and exhausted, he took his violin under his arm, and accompanied the messenger to the theatre. Two minutes after his arrival, the manager informed the assembled audience that a young Norwegian, consequently 'a young savage,' would give a specimen of his skill on the violin, instead of M. de Beriot. Ole Bull appeared; the theatre was brilliantly illuminated; he perceived the scrutinizing looks of the ladies nearest to him; one of them, who watched him very closely through her opera-glasses, smilingly whispered to her neighbor, with a mocking mien, * * * and her smile pierced his very heart. He had taken no notes with him which he could give the orchestra; he was consequently obliged to play without accompaniment. But what should he play? 'I will give them these fantasies which at this moment cross my mind!' And he played improvisatorial reminiscences of his own life—melodies from the mountains of his home, his struggle with the world, and the troubles of his mind. It was as if every thought, every feeling, passed through the violin, and revealed itself to the audience. The most astounding exclamations resounded through the house. Ole Bull was called forth again and again; they still desired a new piece, a new improvisation. * * * Powerfully as the rod of the magician, the bow glided across the strings, while cold drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead; there was fever in his blood; it was as if the mind would free itself from the body; fire shot from his eyes—he felt himself almost swooning; yet a few bold strokes—they were his last bodily powers. Flowers and wreaths from the charmed multitude fluttered about him, who, exhausted by mental conflict and hunger, was nearly fainting. He went to his home, accompanied by music. Before the house sounded the serenade for the hero of the evening, who, meanwhile, crept up the dark and narrow staircase, higher and higher up, into his poor garret, where he clutched the water-jug to refresh himself. When all was silent, the landlord came to him, and brought him food and drink, and gave him a better room. The next day he was informed that the theatre was at his service, and that a concert was to be arranged for him. An invitation from the Duke of Tuscany followed; and from that moment name and fame were founded for Ole Bull."

From this beginning he journeyed through various cities in the south of Europe; and at Naples he conceived the idea of the Polacca Guerriera, while gazing at the fiery cone of Vesuvius and the midnight starlit bay; and the Polacca was advertised for his great concert in Rome, though the idea of it was still ripening in his mind, and not a note of it had been written. As the time for the concert drew near, and the piece still remained unwritten, his friends, in alarm and vexation, besought him to neglect it no longer; but his wayward genius was not to be fettered, he had not yet felt the command to write, and sure of himself, when the fit moment should come, he still led the gay and happy life of a young and honored guest in Rome. On the night before his concert, though after Thorwaldsen and the artist with whom he lodged had urged and reproached him, and had finally abandoned him to his own devices, and had gone to bed themselves, he rose stealthily, saturated with the music of his thought, and before morning the Polacca was written, and he was quietly asleep on his pillow; and Thorwaldsen and the artist, ignorant of what the night had accomplished, went from sorrow to indignation at the thought of the manner in which he was playing with his reputation, and the consequences of such trifling with a Roman public, and refused to attend his concert. He, however, entreated them just to step inside the door, where, if all went wrong, they could quietly slip away without annoyance—and then hurried off to meet his orchestra. "He had an excellent band of musicians," says Mrs. Child, in telling the story, "who could play the most difficult music with the slightest preparation. The rehearsal went off to his complete satisfaction, and he returned to his friends as gay as a lark. His apparent recklessness made them still more sad. The dreaded evening came. The house was crowded. Ole was full of that joyous confidence which genius is so apt to feel in effusions that have just burst freshly from its overflowing fountain. The orchestra delighted in the composition, and played it with their hearts. The brilliancy of the theme and the uncommon beauty of the cantabile took the audience by surprise. The novelty and marvelous difficulty of the finale, in which the vio-

lin alone performs four distinct parts, and keeps up a continuous shake through fifteen bars, completely electrified them. There was a perfect tempest of applause. In the midst of his triumph, the composer, looking as quiet and as demure as possible, glanced toward the door. There stood Thorwaldsen and the artist * * *. The moment he left the stage, his friends rushed into his arms, exclaiming, 'When on earth did you do it? Only tell us that! It was too beautiful!' 'Don't be so gay, my dear friends,' replied he, with mock gravity; 'you know the public of Rome won't bear such trifling. Why did you come to witness my disgrace?' The next day all Rome was ringing with the praises of the Norwegian violinist. They knew not which to applaud most—his genius, or his superhuman strength in performing the four distinct parts on the violin at once, and keeping up the motion of his bow with such lightning swiftness for so long a time. No person who has not tried it can conceive of the extreme difficulty of playing at once distinct parts on each of the strings. It requires muscles as strong as iron and elastic as india-rubber. Paganini had sufficient elasticity, but not sufficient strength. Ole Bull is the only man in the world that ever did it. When the Parisians first heard him produce this wonderful effect of four violins, it seemed so incredible, that a story was circulated in the papers that it was all a deception; that some other musician was playing two of the parts behind the scenes. Thus originated the charge of charlatanism so often and so unjustly repeated. The Polacca brought its composer a brilliant reputation at once; and musical critics were obliged to content themselves with saying—that it was not written in the right measure for a Polacca."

From the moment of his success in Rome, Ole Bull's triumphant career has been owing to the absolute faithfulness with which he has followed the laws of his own nature, and defied the rules of the critics—a secret both of originality and mastery. He never learned to play by any methodical practice and regulation; his playing, in the beginning, was an inspiration, the voice of that organization with which he was created; to have attempted to fasten that down within the chains of counterpoint, would have been like binding flame; the capricious spirit would have deserted the place, and, in proving false to himself, he would have destroyed his identity and ruined his power. Spurning, thus, as he did, all narrow restrictions, critics ceased to expect slavish precision of him, and accepted him as one to give, and not to follow, rules; and they looked in his music for the wild and shifting brilliance of the northern aurora borealis, and not for the tutored elegance of drawing-room or study wax-lights. It was not for nothing, then, that Ole Bull used to sail his boat upon the sea, and far out of sight of land, saying that "there he was most alone with God," nor that he scaled the almost inaccessible cliffs and precipices to prove to himself that, though "the mountains domineered over the land, yet man domineered over the mountains;" nor that he swung in the lofty pine tops, and learned the wild songs the winds sung as they swept across the earth—for all these things are in his music, and the very spirit of nature speaks when Ole Bull draws his bow across the strings of his violin.

Personally, all his life has been full of the romance which as naturally clings about exceptional genius as the atoms of a crystal gather about each other; but, idolized, beloved, adored as he has been, he has always preserved his primal simplicity and purity; and as he stands erect, and bends that snow-crowned head above his violin, he is a beautiful and satisfactory image in himself of musical strength and sweetness. Married, but spending little of his time at home, he sent for the elder of his two sons to come over to this country, and assist him in the management of the Norwegian settlement which, in his enthusiasm for our institutions, he had planted in the West; and, on the arrival of the son, a fresh young Viking, his awe and admiration of his father has been described as being something most extraordinary and delightful to see; while, when at last his father played to him, his transport knew no bounds. On this Norwegian settlement, in the monetary arrangements of which the simple and direct honesty of both father and son are said to have been taken advantage of by unscrupulous people, the riches acquired by Ole Bull's life-long efforts were sunk; and, though afterward retrieving his fortunes in some measure, he will probably never acquire great wealth again, and, perhaps, does not even desire to do so. Indeed, his pecuniary carelessness is a proverb among his acquaintance; money has no value to him as money, and he is almost incapable of understanding the value which it represents. It is related of him, that being at a friend's house during a musical engagement, and being obliged to make a temporary absence for the sake of a concert in another city, he manifested some embarrassment, as the hour of departure arrived, and finally summoned courage to say that he had suddenly found himself totally unprovided with funds, and to request his friend to lend him a sufficient sum to go and return, which, of course, the friend was very glad to do; but knowing that the violinist had, on the night before, received five hundred dollars, as the proceeds of the concert just given, somewhat aware of his habits, and wondering what had become of it, after his departure the friend instituted a superficial search through his room; and there—a portion of it tucked into a corner of a violin case, and a portion of it thrown down with the garments he had just changed—was the whole five hundred dollars.

A few years since—after a sort of triumphal progress through the larger towns of the United States, in which he was everywhere received with a ringing welcome, and where, in many instances, the stage was decorated with blossoming arches and festoons, and crowns of flowers and of the delicate young sprays of the Norwegian spruce were suspended by invisible

threads above his head—Ole Bull withdrew from the concert platform. He has now, we understand, returned to it briefly, for the purpose of obtaining a sum of money sufficient to raise a beacon on the dangerous Norwegian coast. May success follow his endeavor! And, long after he shall have passed from earth, may the sailors, listening to the wild music of the waves washing against the black and beetling shores, think of the Amphion-like strains to which that pharos rose, and give Ole Bull a second immortality in their hearts!

TREATMENT OF EMIGRANTS AT WARD'S ISLAND, NEW YORK.

For many months past, a spirit of insubordination has prevailed among the emigrants residing on Ward's Island. They complained of insufficient accommodations, and the small amount and inferior quality of food furnished by the Commissioners of Emigration. The large number of fresh emigrants admitted during the winter added to the general discomfort, and intimations of approaching trouble were heard, but excited no special concern.

On Monday, February 28th, however, the fire that had been smoldering broke out. Among the malcontents was a pauper poetaster named William Milton, whose inflammatory utterings in prose and verse are said to have incited the outbreak. To carry out their intentions successfully, the first thing the rioters wanted was a good grievance. This they believed they had in the oppression that compelled them to work for the bread they ate—at least to contribute something to their own sustenance by doing a little labor. They got up a mass meeting on Saturday, which was presided over by Stephen Meadow. At this meeting, Milton proposed a resolution, which was seconded by Alexander Merrick, and passed unanimously, that it was a horrid injustice to have to work without pay, and utterly degrading to Europeans of any spirit, and that they would not submit to it any longer.

On Monday morning, a deputation of some three hundred men waited upon Mr. Leonard R. Welles, the superintendent, and informed him they would no longer submit to their grievances, and that he would be responsible for any result of further imposition. Regarding this action as an act of insubordination, he ordered the two principal leaders under arrest.

This was the crisis. The main body, who stood, until that moment, in reserve, came up menacingly, and demanded the release of the prisoners, their representatives. Mr. Welles, with such aid as he had at hand, consisting of some half-a-dozen officers of the institution, confronted the mob with drawn clubs and revolvers, and kept them at bay for about an hour and a half, awaiting the arrival of a platoon of police from the Twelfth Precinct. Meantime the insurgents armed themselves with sticks, stones, pieces of iron, and everything they could pick up, and applied insulting epithets to their officers. A force of six policemen arrived about half-past ten o'clock, and, effecting a junction with the beleaguered officers, flanked the assailants and quickly overpowered them. Two hundred of them were immediately placed in a scow, and ignominiously hurried off the island. The men expelled lagged about the ferry for a short time, and with a "long, last, lingering look" at the walls which had sheltered them, dispersed. The ranks of the rioters comprehended all nationalities. The German element was largely represented, though the moving spirits in the outbreak were Englishmen.

The outbreak becoming known, and the causes that led to it, the Legislature promptly appointed a Committee of Investigation.

The examination developed facts that call loudly for a reform—one of which, forming a chief reason of complaint, is the subject of our illustration. Witnesses testified that not only was the food furnished in scanty quantities, and of an inferior quality, but that the emigrants were obliged to eat without knives, forks, or spoons. One of their meals may thus be described, and may reasonably be taken as a matter of general practice, before the committee commenced the investigation: A row of tin platters were placed on either side of a long deal table, before which the women were seated on forms, the men having previously had their meal. Diminutive, dirty bits of meat, that might be either beef or mutton, flanked by a ladleful of boiled oatmeal, thin, dark, and nauseating in appearance, hid the sheen of the tin plates; the cups of white, weak, watery soup flanked the plates, and a slice of bread, of step-mother cut, was the *piece de resistance*. Not a knife, fork or spoon was to be seen on the table. The women looked up with cheerful faces, as they entered, and while the latter stood by speculating as to how the food was to be disposed of, they commenced to eat.

The women sunk their (too often dirty) fingers in the mush, grabbed a piece of the meat, and ate ravenously. There were some, however, pinched, hungry-looking creatures, who drank down the swill called soup from their tins, ate the bread, and left the meat and mush untasted. Each piece of bread weighed four ounces; the meat on each plate three ounces. The spectacle of the unfortunate women daubing their hands in the slimy food, and struggling to get it to their eager mouths, was too much for the committee. The committee stigmatized the arrangement, in no measured terms, as rank-mismanagement.

The barracks where the men live are badly ventilated, and are supplied with four wash-basins only. The towels, which seldom exceed six in number, have to bear the rubbing of at least six hundred faces every day for an entire week.

The investigation has been most thorough, and it is hoped the Legislature will order the Commissioners to institute immediate reforms. The public will agree with the Superintendent that it is wrong the Commissioners should be compelled to receive, every winter, hundreds

of idle, worthless fellows, who are always complaining, and sometimes cause the officers to neglect those who are worthy.

If those who make the Island their home could be furnished with steady work of some kind, the causes of disturbance would be greatly diminished.

NEWS BRIEVITIES.

SENATOR HAMLIN has just given \$100 to a town library in Maine.

THE Rhode Island Republicans have nominated next year's State officers.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass., and Knoxville, Tenn., are each to have a Board of Trade.

THE weekly returns of the Bank of England show an increase of £38,200 in bullion.

A CONNECTICUT clergyman is lecturing on the Fossil Remains of New England Society.

THE Mechanics' Bank of St. Louis resumed specie payment. It has about \$50,000 circulation.

THE Wisconsin Legislature has passed a bill restricting considerably the pardoning power of the governor.

THE arrival of a letter caused a distributor of tracts to make tracks from a Missouri town the other day.

IT cost \$80,000 last year to bring our supply of peaches from Jersey City to this side of the North River.

THE Virginia Legislature has passed the Homestead Exemption bill, exempting \$2,000 in property from execution.

THE New Jersey Assembly unanimously rejected a bill granting divorces from persons who have been insane ten years.

EZEKIEL LANE, one of the founders of the Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, died at Oxford, Ohio, on Tuesday, aged 77.

THE Yale Navy are to have a barge race about the 1st of June, and a shell race during Presentation Week, the latter on Saltonstall Lake.

FOUR young ladies and a young man were recently baptized in Rum River, Minnesota, while the thermometer marked 12 deg. below zero.

WALTER BROWN and Henry Coulter have signed articles to row a five-mile race for \$2,000 and the championship, at Foughekeepsie, June 30th.

THE State valuation of Maine has increased from \$162,158,581 in 1860, to \$219,666,504 in 1870. The number of polls in 1860 was 127,899; in 1870, 143,192.

THE Virginia Historical Society reorganized at Richmond, on the 10th inst. Hugh Blair Grigsby was chosen President, and Thomas H. Wyman, Secretary.

THE Kentucky Legislature has passed the bill requiring foreign insurance companies, doing business in that State, to deposit \$100,000 with the State Treasurer.

CHARLES MORRISON, alias Stoughton, who, a few days since, dangerously stabbed a policeman in Cincinnati, has been sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary.

THE Democracy of Newcastle, Del., have determined that they will not ask a negro to vote their ticket, but if a negro asks for one of their tickets, they will not rudely refuse to give it to him.

THE Northern Pacific and the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad Companies have made arrangements for the establishment of extensive mills at Duluth, Minn., for the manufacture of railroad iron.

AN ordinance now before the Chicago City Council provides that when poisons or chloroform are sold, the name and age of the patient, and the character of his disease, must be written on the prescription.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER near Greenfield, Ind., named Dunn, on the 9th inst., struck one of his scholars, named Gadot, on the head with an iron poker, from the effects of which he died. Dunn has been arrested.

GOOD reports continue to come from the Japanese colony in California, and they promise to exhibit at least five chests of tea at the next State Fair, of this year's growth, from the plants set out last season.

A WRITER in the Utica "Herald" says that a carefully considered plan has been devised for securing a trustworthy record of all the soldiers from Chenango County who lost their lives in the late war for the Union.

A LETTER from Monrovia, February 3, says that a large number of the leading citizens of Liberia have been holding meetings lately to discuss a proposition of the annexation of the Republic of Liberia to the United States.

THE Newark "Advertiser" reports that two Trenton Squires have made a decision in the case of Timothy Titus, who was charged with refusing to maintain his wife, that he was not "legally guilty, though morally so."

THE Grand Jury of Cincinnati have found an indictment for shooting with intent to kill, against Christopher W. Wilson, the Oxford, Miss., editor, who, a short time since, fired upon a policeman who attempted to arrest him.

CONCURRENT resolutions were introduced in the Missouri House, asking the Representatives in Congress to favor the passage of a bill providing for the reduction of the price of railroad lands to \$2.50 per acre to actual settlers.

SAMUEL N. PIKE of New York, proposes to build a grand hotel and opera house in Cincinnati, on the square upon which the great Davidson fountain is to be erected, on certain conditions. He estimates the cost of the building at \$2,500,000.

At the Liverpool (Eng.) races on the 10th inst., the Liverpool Spring Cup was won by Col. Forster's b. c. Free Trade, by Carnotus out of Traffic. Lord Falkmouth's b. c. Kingcraft, by King Tom out of Woodcraft, continues to be the favorite for the Derby.

A NEW ORLEANS paper laments the decline of the Bar in that city, saying, that while it has increased to more than four hundred members, candor compels the admission that not one-fourth of them are lawyers in the true sense of the term, but attorneys for collecting claims.

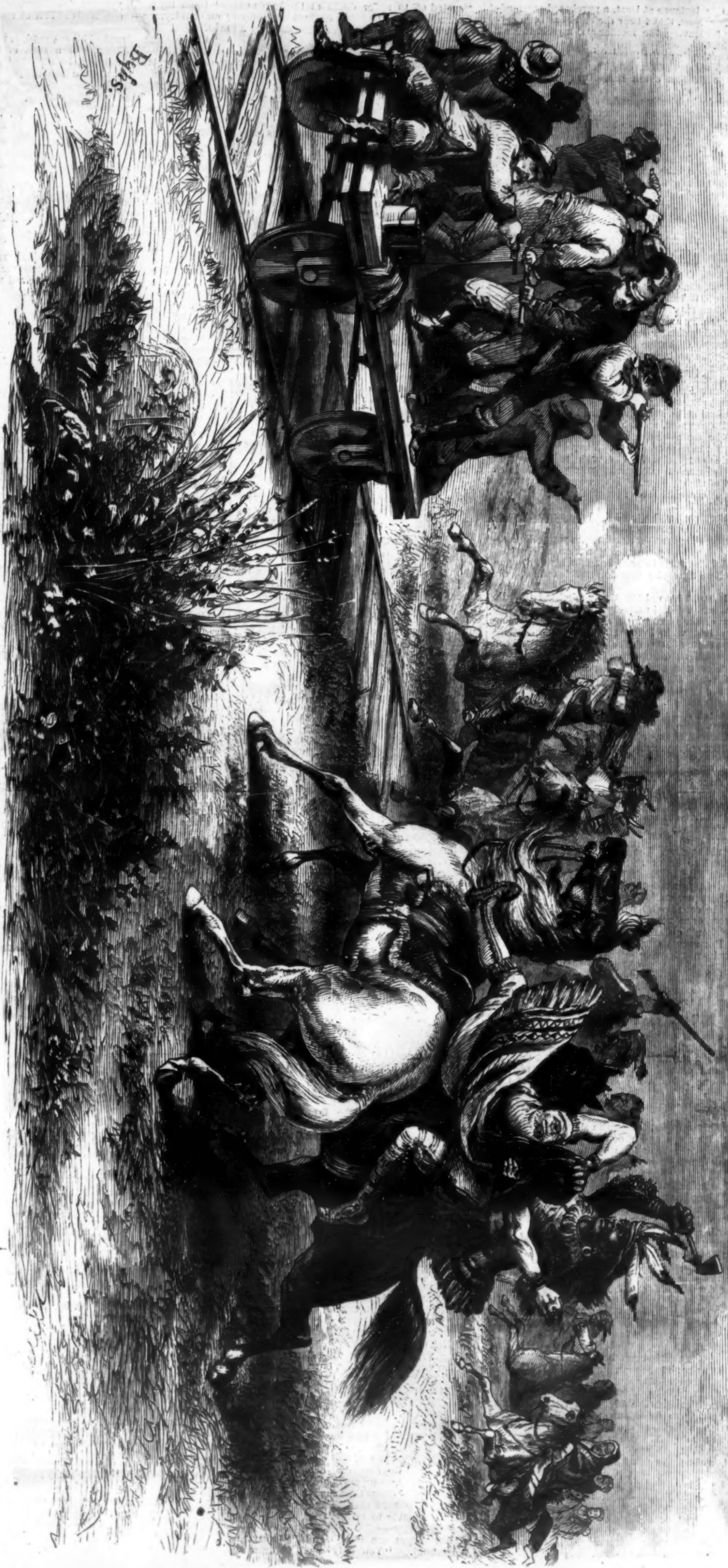
A DEPUTATION of colored men from the District of Columbia waited on the President on the 10th inst. to solicit military protection from the outrages of outlaws and others. The President said the stationing of troops would be referred to the Secretary, but that interference with the civil law would require serious consideration.

A FOUR-HORSE team, attached to a heavy wagon, backed over a hill and rolled over and over down the nearly perpendicular bluff, a distance of seventy-five feet, at Omaha, on the 9th inst. They landed in a hole, the horses piled one upon the other, and the wagon above them; the horses were only slightly injured, and the wagon but little broken.



THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON.—FROM A SKETCH BY WILLIAM L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 20.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—LABORERS, ON A HAND-CAR OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, ATTACKED BY INDIANS—RUNNING FIGHT, AND REPULSE OF THE ASSAILANTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 22.



GOLDEN WEDDING.

By Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Fifty years together!
Fifty years of summer life,
Sunshine and happy weather.

Fifty years unparted,
Every smile that wreathed his lips
Making her glad-hearted.

All the long wayfaring,
Every trouble in the path
Half made joy by sharing.

Blessed beyond all sorrow—
Fifty years of earth to-day,
Eternal heaven to-morrow!

THREE CASTS FOR A LIFE.

By C. G. ROSENBERG.

PART I.—THE RUSSIAN SERF.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SILENT WATCHER IN THE GRAY OF EVENING—IDENTIFICATION—STARTING UPON THE TRAIL—BIDDING UNCLE AND AUNT FAREWELL—A SLIGHT ERROR—HOW TO QUIET GRIEF—LOVE AND MEMORY.

BROADLY round, the red gold of an August moon hung above the sweeping pine and dense underbrush, in the gray sky, above the road beyond Yerkowa. All was still and silent. The dark clouds that were rising slowly in the east argued the approach of one of those fierce hurricanes, which are so common in this part of Russia, during the summer months.

The only sound that broke on the calm of that still night—the time was nearly midnight, and the sun had been under the horizon for some two hours—was the occasional shrill scream of the night-hawk, as it swept blackly across the redly yellow lustre of the moon.

Six months later, when ground and trees lay wrapt in the white embrace of a northern winter, the hoarse yelp of the half-famished wolf, or the fierce growl of the bear, might have been heard in the desolate—because untilled and scarcely inhabited—tract of country, where the story at present leads us. Now, nothing living came to the ear save the sweeping voice of the wind and the scream of the lonely bird—nothing moving could be seen but the veering wings of the hawk, and the flashing sparkle of the trembling fire-fly, which glanced into momentary brilliance, under the distant firs or among the shadows of the reeds in the shallow stream, and then disappeared.

The sound of horses' hoofs and the rapid wheels of a *droshky* may be caught in the distance, near the village, by any stray listener who chances to be lingering near it.

There is one.

Crouched in the dark shadow of a mass of rough, gray and moss-covered rock, and half hidden in the rank grass which springs around its base, lies a man. As his features catch the moonlight, momentarily does the roughly dark and greasy beard glisten in it. The ferret eyes are for a time clearly lit, and tell who he is. It is the Starost of Yerkowa—Mallowitz.

"I said they would not stop at the village"—he mutters to himself, as he conceals himself more closely in the shadow of the gray boulder. "Let me see that these are the birds I am waiting for, when they wing their way past."

In a few more minutes, the wheels of the carriage approach the spot where the serf is hidden. It is preceded, some fifty paces in advance, by the mounted Cossacks of Sapichy Dolgorouki. Himself and Henri de Chateaupers are riding immediately behind it. At no great distance from the two, follow Ivan and Alexovitch.

Mallowitz held in his breath as the party swept speedily by.

The treacherous morass in which, as it may be remembered, the French nobleman had run such a risk of forever disappearing from the knowledge of his friends and acquaintances, lay stretched to their left, running into the dark shadows of the forest which rose upon its further side.

The Frenchman had ridden forward, and bent his head by the side of the carriage, which, drawn by its four hardy Tartar horses, was rolling along, swiftly, upon the bank of the reed-grown stream, in which the reflection of the moon was broken by the rippling of the water into a thousand shimmering sparkles of flashing light.

"This was the spot in which I first saw you—Flodorowna!" he murmured.

She had been weeping silently when he spoke, yet she heard him. With a sudden start, she raised her head in the shadow of the carriage. Although the outlines of her features were concealed from his sight, he could not but feel the impulsive gladness that leaped from her heart to her face. It told itself to him, in every ripple of the trembling music of her words—instinct as they were with her tears.

"The master is good to remember it."

Peering from his lurking-place, Mallowitz had seen them. Or if, perchance, the distance at which the *droshky* was from the rock in whose shadow he was hidden, and the uncertain light of the hour rendered his recognition a dubious one, the sound of Flodorowna's voice made his identification positive.

Moreover, he had felt the tears in her troubled speech. Not being given to analytical observation, he had been unable to detect its undercurrent of tremulous love and joy.

"By St. Sergius!" he muttered—"it was all I wanted. When his look told me that I was to follow and do what he had bidden me, of course, I had to obey him." He did not own to himself that his obedience to Paul Dimitry, was,

in this instance at least, a purchased commodity. "Now, that I hear the child has been crying for leaving the mother and myself, it is all right."

Cautiously as the Starost had been speaking—his words had scarcely been above a whisper—the Russian count had overheard the murmur.

He looked lazily round.

Nothing was to be seen. So he rode on. Had the words come to his ears, he might have thought it worth while to search for the speaker. Well as he imagined he knew his "cher Paul," he could not dream that, under the Boyard's eye, as he had been until their departure, he had found the means to carry out a purpose—blackier even than he, a thorough Russ himself, could possibly have suspected.

When the party had passed far enough for him to escape detection, Mallowitz rose.

With a hurried shake of himself, like that of a sleuth-hound when his nose first strikes the trail, at a rapid run, he followed on the road.

When the incidents previous to this had occurred, some eight or nine hours since, at Berenzoff, it had been the intention of Monsieur de Chateaupers to leave the Boyard's residence as speedily as possible. He was, however, unavoidably detained for some three hours. The Countess Catharine had insisted upon the peasant-girl's making the journey in the carriage which had borne herself from St. Petersburg. It might be true that, unsuffering from her wound, Flodorowna might have stridden a sturdy Russian pony—in those days, female equitation in her country, as in many parts of it, it does now, resembled among the serfs that of the male—and made an equal number of versts, in a given time, with any of her present male companions. But at present, as the Frenchman frankly acknowledged, this was out of the question. He was necessarily, therefore, compelled to accept Catharine Dolgorouki's offer.

Besides, her husband had announced his intention of accompanying him.

"The Boyard"—he said to the young Frenchman—"was by no means a man who would suffer the grass to grow beneath his feet, upon such an agreeable occasion as this undoubtedly was."

It must be unhesitatingly admitted that De Chateaupers had scarcely relished his accentuation of the word "agreeable." When old Dimitry had wished for his son's death by his guest's hand, the desire could not have been asperged as dictated either by personal ambition or greed. In this instance, it was widely different. Sapichy Dolgorouki was the husband of the next heir to the Boyard, and were Paul Dimitry slain, would, through her, rival his uncle, Prince Dolgorouki, in power and position.

Nevertheless—what had he to do with this?

His only present annoyance was that the Russian noble, although a good soldier, by no means considered this affair momentous enough to force him to quit Berenzoff, without stocking his temporary larder and cellar sufficiently to enable him to endure the *kabak* at which they might have to wait.

"Our inn"—he remarked pleasantly—"are scarcely so luxurious or cleanly as a French drinking-shop. The last fault we are, of course, bound to endure. But a roast kid is always preferable to black bread, so you must allow the old man's head kitchen-maid time to supply our necessities."

The countess also insisted upon his breaking bread once more in her father's house, before he should quit it, as he then imagined, forever.

However he might wish to have done so, he could not have refused this demand upon his patience.

He felt that Catharine Dolgorouki had the right to command him anything she willed, save the renunciation of his love.

The Boyard was not present at that meal.

No sooner had he learned the determination of the French gentleman and replied to it, than he had intimated to all that he desired to be alone with his son. Then, for the first time, the baffled coward lifted his head. His eyes went to one spot, and a single look flashed from them. In another instant the door of Ivan Dimitry's apartment had closed, and the father and son were alone.

Neither, did Flodorowna sit at the table with the countess and the other two warriors in the Boyard's household, who were so shortly to leave it.

Upon the Frenchman's inquiring for her, Catharine had informed him that "she was then bidding her uncle and aunt farewell."

"And, of course, commending them to the care of all the Saints. But whether they will bother themselves with looking after so greasy and ruffianly-looking an individual as the Starost of Yerkowa"—observed Sapichy, interjectively, raising his eyes from some wild pig with *sauce piquante* he was then discussing—"may be considered, doubtful."

Yet, the countess was wrong.

Mallowitz had received and answered that silent and cautious glance from Paul Dimitry, and Ismaila was alone with her niece.

Had the three doubted this, it would most assuredly have been because either they were not aware of the manner in which the amiable serf managed his spouse, or, possibly, from their being at the moment too far from the apartment in which the blue-eyed peasant-girl was replying to the mournful ejaculations and pathetic outcries of the "mother" of her uncle.

Probably, Flodorowna may not previously have been aware how deeply her welfare had been interwoven with the heart-strings of that highly estimable middle-aged female.

Nor is this, altogether, justly said.

The Muscovites—male and female alike—develop their feelings in the most insanely extravagant of manners. Nevertheless, family affection is both a positive and a prodigious element in their natures. On this occasion, it came grandly into play. A stranger might have imagined that Flodorowna was about be-

ing carted off to suffer death at the hands of an executioner, and Ismaila's feelings were only quelled, at the moment of her departure, by a stratagem of the practical Sapichy's.

He threatened to summon the Boyard. Then, seating herself upon the grass in front of Berenzoff, she crooned out her grief more quietly.

Lifted into the *droshky* by the Frenchman, in spite of her resistance, Flodorowna was tenderly embraced by Catharine Dolgorouki. Then, her husband and Monsieur de Chateaupers bade the countess "adieu."

"Bon camarade!" she said to the last-named with her winning smile—"remember that I have given her to you."

She remained at the entrance of the hall, watching them while they swept down the low hill on which Berenzoff stood. As the figures of the Moujik and Alexovitch disappeared round its base, she turned away with a low and wailing outcry. Placing her hand—the one belonging to her partially maimed arm—upon the lintel of the doorway, as though to steady her weakening steps, she broke into a wildly piteous exclamation.

"Oh! How I love the girl!" After a long pause, she cried aloud—"St. Paul grant that the curse has been lifted from Ivan!"

She had spoken in French.

None of the numerous serfs of her father who were standing near her—they had gathered from every portion of his rambling, huge dwelling, to do honor to his parting guests—understood a word which she had said. It was singular that, even now, no thought of the brother she had once loved, and afterwards pitied, arose to her thought. Her pride and her trouble—whatever the last may have been—seemed to have blotted him entirely, for the moment, from her mind.

CHAPTER XV.—BEFORE DAWN—QUEER CONVERSATION AND FOOD FOR THOUGHT—AN UNPERCEIVED RESEMBLANCE—UNPLEASANT ADVICE—THE STORM—WHO GOES THERE—A VISION OF BEAUTY—CHANCE OF SHELTER—THE PREVIOUS TARIER—SUFFER—WAKING AND WATCHING.

The wind was blowing more coolly, some hour previously to the time at which the sun might, at the present season, be expected to rise.

It was evident that the travelers would have but little chance of seeing it, for although it was now barely past three, and the moon must have been still high in the heaven, not a straggling beam crept to them through the interlacing branches of the forest—or, more properly, stunted reach of scrubby-oak, dwarf-chestnut and pine—through which they were riding. They were, as yet, scarcely a verst beyond Yerkowa. It may be remembered that they now found themselves in the worst portion of the road to St. Petersburg. Sapichy Dolgorouki had pointed out the signs of the approaching storm to his companion, and for the last twenty minutes, they had been rapidly making their way, as they best could. Neither of them had spoken for some time. When the French nobleman had last found space in the road to advance to the side of the carriage, he had addressed Flodorowna. Receiving no answer, he had imagined that the girl slept. He had, then, again returned to the side of the Russian.

After a long pause of silence, almost unbroken, save by the tramp of the horses and the wheels of the carriage—for the breeze previously alluded to, had almost deadened into a calm—De Chateaupers suddenly spoke.

"It is very singular."

"What are you alluding to?" inquired Sapichy, with a coolness that betrayed how little interest he felt in the answer.

Campaigning had given him a profound indifference to general speculations upon a march, when he fancied the enemy were out of striking distance.

The Frenchman had evidently been only thinking aloud. He, however, at once replied.

"I confess myself unable to comprehend how Flodorowna could have acquired my language?"

It was an odd laugh that Sapichy gave.

"May I ask, why?"

"Neither her uncle nor her aunt understand a single word."

"Are you sure?" The French gentleman started.

"I do not say that they do—remember. But the Russ has keen ears, and what he once knows, he can keep to himself, when he chooses."

"And, you think, then—"

"Nothing—because, I know nothing. But I can lay my finger upon one serf of old Dimitry's, who—although I never heard him speak a word of French—knows it as well as the girl does."

"Who is it?"

"Podatchky?"

"Impossible."

"As you may choose to think—*mon cher*! I am sure he does. And so, you wish to know how Flodorowna learnt it."

"If you are able to tell me."

"Par Dieu! Monsieur de Chateaupers! I only guess."

"In what way—then?"

"Her mother was French."

The Frenchman was astonished. His companion could not see this, but he understood it from the tone of his reply.

"And she, then, was married to the brother of Mallowitz?"

"Peste! I did not say so."

"Pray—Sapichy! explain yourself."

"Did you really imagine I thought the old Tartar thief is related to her?"

"From what you said—I certainly did."

"Compare the two—*mon cher*!"

Henri de Chateaupers could not avoid laughing at the contrast thus suggested. He, however, remembered the lamentations of Ismaila, and was unable to refrain from saying—"but, his wife's tears—"

"Russ eyes are like barrels," interrupted Dolgorouki. "You only need to draw the spigot."

"Upon my word, you are complimentary to your countrymen—" observed the French nobleman.

"I know them—" replied his companion, with the sententious philosophy of a man of the world. After saying which, he added—"her singular likeness must have struck you as curious."

"Likeness! To whom?"

"Catharine—my wife!"

At first, upon hearing this, the count had well-nigh indulged in an exclamation of derision. The eyes of the Countess Dolgorouki were darkly hazel. They almost rivaled, in their intense fire, the sable beads which flamed beneath the white eyebrows of the Boyard. What resemblance was there between these and those heavenly blue eyes which had first ensnared his fancy? Besides, the form of the serf was fuller and more healthily developed than that of the *grande dame*. Yet—the delicate oval of either face—something in the expression of each mouth—the severe humility of Flodorowna's manner which approximated faintly to the occasional fierce pride which characterized that of Catharine Dolgorouki—at once, all, recurred to him.

He would not answer.

His companion, as he did not reply, continued speaking. "Once or twice, I have thought that Catharine suspected it. *Ce cher Paul*—" he added, emphasizing the name with sardonic contempt—"does not, of course."

"And you positively believe—"

"I undoubtedly do—that she is a love-child of the Boyard's, a by-blow of Ivan Dimitry's."

A long pause here occurred. Henri de Chateaupers had been dreaming during the past few hours—of what, he scarcely knew. But, the blue-eyed girl had been capriciously mixed with every thought. Her self-sacrifice, in thrusting herself between him and the rapier of Paul Dimitry, had kindled his feelings into a far deeper intensity. He had been coloring for himself a strange future, and one even stranger for the fair serf. But this—the devil! How could he expose himself to the caustic mockery of a Sapichy Dolgorouki? How could he endure the contemptuous rally of men moving in the class of life to which himself and he, both, belonged.

"My friend!" proceeded the Russian gravely, after allowing him sufficient time to digest the unpleasant idea he had just placed before him—"it occurred to me, that it was right you should know this. Although I may have but a few years the advantage of you in age, I am, in knowledge of the great world—pardon me for saying so—considerably older. Yet you know, as well as I do, that among men, like mates with like. Blue blood should mix with that of its own color, or, at all events, with an equally clear stream. The veins of the wife of the Great Peter may have lacked descent, but not purity. Am I understood?"

"Yes—Count Dolgorouki."

"That is well."

Again, they rode on in silence.

It was singular that this man should have pierced the veil in which the young Frenchman's intentions had been concealed, even from his own eyes. Worldly as he was, he—alone of the inmates of Berenzoff—had read the impulse which was urging on a spirit so much fresher and younger than his own. Even more singular was it, that he had troubled himself to warn him. The truth is, that however courtier-like the heart of the Russian may have been—however subtle and crafty—he was, nevertheless, a soldier and a brave one. He may not have entirely appreciated the chivalry of the young man's action with regard to the son of the Boyard. But, he certainly did the "pluck" which had given the coward a chance to redeem himself. On this account, he had been moved to prevent his committing himself in such an unwise and unsuitable—as far as he knew—manner.

When Sapichy had displayed, with a delicacy for which De Chateaupers had assuredly not given him credit, his own hidden heart to him, the young nobleman admitted all. There was little to marvel at that he did not continue the subject. Neither did his companion wonder that he refrained from doing so.

The horse-track—for it could not be dignified with the name of road—had, during the preceding conversation, become rougher and more difficult, while the darkness around them was even denser than it had before been. Some light was afforded by the torches carried by the Cossacks in advance, and a dim lantern swinging in front of the *droshky*, but this only served to render the surrounding gloom blacker and more palpable. It was only broken by the red gleam catching upon the bare larch and pine-stems, which stood out, ghost-like, in the mass of opaquely heavy green, whose vague shadow blackly surrounded them.

With restless start and unquiet plunge, the Arab that the Frenchman was mounted on, marked his growing uneasiness.

"Be quiet—Starbeam!"

"A pleasant name, but by no means, too true an one, in our present position"—jered Dolgorouki. Then he added, with a sudden oath—"here—it is, at last."

Before he had uttered these words, the bolt had blazed from above the forest, and the whole of the narrow road was lit up by that streak of living fire.

As he concluded them, the voice of the thunder rolled around upon every side.

So dazlingly clear and sharp had been the burst of that whitely sudden radiance, that, for the instant, they were all awed into silence by it—all, indeed, but Sapichy.

"Who was that?"

The words rose on their ears as the thunder died away.

"What does my lord mean?" asked the Moujik Ivan, who was only a few paces behind the Russian count and the Frenchman.

"A man is passing through the trees, on our right."

There could be little doubt, that—so strange

did this circumstance appear to him—he would have ordered his Cossacks to dismount and hunt up this singular wayfarer, but for the trouble and discomfort of the situation of his own party. The Arab stallion of the count had started, and was plunging violently, in that intense dread which some horses feel at the outbreak of a tempest as frightful as this one promised to be.

The falling rain swept down, in rushing sheets of water, through the trees, driven by the lashing breath of the storm which had so suddenly, if not so unexpectedly, burst upon them.

Fear had seized upon the animals attached to the vehicle, and the serfs who rode two of them, had dismounted and were busily engaged with angry blows and yells in stilling rather than calming their terror. As for the Russian horse of Dolgorouki, and those of the Moujik, Alexowitch, and his two Cossacks, these had thrust out their necks and thrown their shaggy ears backward—enduring the wind, the rain and the blinding glare of the lightning, with that dogged resolution under unavoidable suffering, which is so characteristic of Tartar nature, whether human or animal.

At length, Starbeam was quieted by the French gentleman, who dismounted. Afterwards, throwing his cloak across the eyes of the stallion, he advanced to the door of the carriage.

The almost unbroken continuous flashes of glaring fire painted a vision to him, which, little opportunity as he then had to realize its marvelous beauty, he never forgot. Through the open top of the *droschky*, which no one as yet had thought of covering, the sheeted water had fallen drenchingly upon the head and shoulders of Dolgorouki. Like a Naiad, or the fabulous Undine of the German poets, with the pearly drops flashing from her hair and cheek in that ghastly and varying radiance—her blue eyes gleaming in its steely light—she was attempting with her unwounded arm to force open the door.

"What are you trying to do—child?"

"To assist my master."

"Sit still!"—he said, imperiously, anger mingling with annoyance in his voice. Then pushing her back into the interior of the vehicle, he shouted out—"Ivan! where are you?"

The ringing cry was heard through the roar of the storm.

In a short time, Ivan had improvised an awning of sheepskins across the top of the open carriage under his directions, which might partially protect the girl against the fury of the elements. She was wondering that he—her master—should thus care for the comfort of his serf. It seemed to her, that time had rolled back with her for more than a thousand years. Was she not the princess in the old Scandinavian tale, which she had been told, when a very child, of Thorakoff and Idris? Surely, this was not reality. Rather, was it a dream of delight? The pelting fury of the tornado—the wild whirl of the mad blast—the cold shimmer of the driving lightning, counted as nothing, when she saw him, the master whom she began to believe she actually adored, thinking only of her comfort, her ease and her security.

Meanwhile, Sapichy being in love with nobody—at any rate, nobody who was then present—had been questioning his attendants.

Fortunately, the serfs who acted as drivers, or rather postillions to the vehicle, had originally been born in this part of the country. One of them—who had been, as the Russians name the inhabitants of a village—"a child" of Yerkowa, remembered a hut, some half a mile, more or less, further on. It lay some fifty yards to the left of the road, within the forest.

"No one has lived in it—master! in my memory."

"I do not intend to live in it—Erikler!"

"It will be a miserable shelter."

"But, better than none."

"The man who dwelt there, when I was a boy—master! was eaten up by wolves."

"In the winter—ass!"

Having bestowed upon Erikler this complimentary epithet, the Russian announced to his French friend, the chance which he had discovered of obtaining a few hours' shelter.

Orders were immediately given to continue their journey. In the face of the wind and tempest, they resumed their road.

It was, however, with far more difficulty, that they were now able to continue it. At times, the gusts of the storm swept through the dense undergrowth of the forest with such headlong violence, that they were compelled abruptly to come to a sudden halt. Had they not done so, they might have been hurled against the gaunt and knotted trunks which stood around them, like scattered and dwarfish pillars in some heathen temple. At times, one of these columnar stems would be uprooted from its roots and projected by the fury of the blast through the surrounding trees. It's crashing fall, as it struck them, or the close turf strewn with the brown spikes from the fire, might be heard even through the voice of the tempest.

More than once, too—Nay! again and again, were Monsieur de Chateaupers and the Moujik of Wollinski obliged to throw their force against the tottering off-side of the *droschky*, to prevent its being overthrown by the strength of the rushing blast.

Scarcely did there appear to be an intermission of a single moment, in the blaze of the white flame and the rolling roar of the thunder.

After a continuous struggle for more than an hour, they at last reached the point in the road, from which the hut should be visible.

"See—master! There it is."

As Erikler said this, Sapichy saw that it was so.

It may fairly be granted, that, under the circumstances, to Henri de Chateaupers who had walked beside the vehicle the whole of this last half-mile, as well as to the Russian count, the presence of their temporary haven was decidedly agreeable.

Whether it was so to Flodorowna or not, it would be impossible to say.

With the close of that night's journey, would her dream of delight still continue? Is she to sleep on, or to awake from it—to enjoy an eternity of rapture, or to wall over the memory of the loving dream which may then have passed away? Was it to be, forever, the glory of her being, or no more than the quenched beauty of an unforgotten hour?

Scarcely did it seem that it was to be the last, as she felt his arms lift her from the vehicle—where it stood in the roughly storm-trod road—and bear her across the sodden sward toward the dilapidated interior of the ruined cottage.

At any other time, or rather in any other weather than the present, the traveler would scarcely have noticed it. Most certainly, even in the Russia of that period, he would not have selected it for a tarrying place.

It seemed to have formerly been a tolerably large dwelling, divided, as it still was, indeed, into two apartments. In the outer of these, the roughly hewn and dove-tailed logs that constituted the walls of the hut, were distinctly visible. The moss and sandy plaster which had once filled the interstices between them, had completely disappeared. By some former tarrier within its walls, a pile of torn branches and logs had been heaped together in the spot which had formerly been occupied by the stove. Right above it, in the roof, was the hole intended for vent or chimney.

But, what did this mean?

Erikler and the other Cossack still remained near the doorway. The Moujik Ivan had however brought in the horn-covered lantern which hung in front of the carriage.

"Bring the light, here—" cried Dolgorouki as he stood beneath the chimney.

Taking it from the hands of the serf, he bent down over the piled logs, which have been mentioned as lying heaped up beneath it. These he examined, with something of the same care a backwoodsman might display, if his sense was quickened by a possible anticipation of danger. Then, he looked up at Monsieur de Chateaupers. The young man had already allowed his fair burden—not without experiencing a strong disinclination to do so—to support herself upon her own feet.

"It seems that we have not been the first arrival here, to-night."

"Why do you say that?"

"I have been a soldier and chased runaways before now. This wood is all wet. It has just been brought in. Had we reached the hut ten minutes later, we might have found a roaring fire."

The Frenchman smiled, indifferently. "What do you think, then?"

"That it was placed here by the fellow I caught a glimpse of, for a moment, just as the storm broke upon us."

"Why did the poor devil leave?"

"Why should he be here—at all?"

Henri de Chateaupers had thought his question conclusive, and when his companion asked him this, he responded—

"I am no good hand at divination."

With an unpleasant smile the Russian said—"If Ivan Dimitry were not looking after his precious son, I would bid you have a care for your skin, at least, until we reach St. Petersburg."

"You count him—coward as he may be—at too low a value—Sapichy!"

"And you, at too high an one."

Dolgorouki's contempt for his French friend's lack of prudence was, to the full, as pronounced as the young man's superb disdain for his overcaution.

Meanwhile, the Moujik with considerable difficulty, had managed to coax the wet wood into a respectably brisk flame. Equally certain it is that had the French and Russian noblemen failed to have been present, no care for the girl or his own companions would have induced him, or these last, to have wasted one drop of corn-brandy in quickening it. The native proverb says, "the eye of the master makes sure work." In this case, it was so. As the bright tongues of flame crept, licking along the wood, the steam from the damp garments of the party also began to rise. Henri de Chateaupers turned to make room for Flodorowna, nearer the cheering blaze.

On doing so, he saw that the face of the peasant-girl, in that crimson glare—it seemed to make each separate feature harsh and distinct—had settled into a gloomily rigid expression.

"Are you grieving, already—child?"

As the vexed, although gentle tone of the young man's words dispelled her unwelcome reverie—she looked up in his face, and smiled.

"The master is wrong."

"What, then, knitted your brow—Flodorowna?"

He was fast losing the trouble which had been called up within him, by the warning words of the subtle Russian. His voice was like a song of love to the blue-eyed serf, whose blushes were veiled by the leaping red of the fire-light.

"I heard the words of Sapichy Dolgorouki, and I tell the master that he is right—" she answered, whisperingly.

After the party had partaken of supper—it would be needless to say that the male serfs had to wait, until the Russian and French noblemen, with the girl, had discussed the food which had been secured by the provident foresight of the former—all of them, save Henri de Chateaupers, retired to rest.

He had borrowed, without scruple, the costly sable cloak of his companion from the leather packing-case of the carriage which he had examined in spite of the still drenching storm. With this and the various sheepskins, he had made a resting-place for Flodorowna.

"Where will the master sleep?" she asked.

"Trouble yourself for yourself—child!" he replied sharply, for he saw Dolgorouki's keen gray eyes fixed upon him. Then, ashamed of

his own shame-faced fear, he touched her brow with his lips, and looked almost defiantly into the face of the brother-in-law of his late rival. "Sleep and rest—Flodorowna!" he murmured, with feeling. "You suffered to save me. I will watch for you."

All was so strangely novel to the serf, that with her blue eyes distended in her loving astonishment, she shrouded her form in the sables and stretched herself at some short distance from the fading embers of the fire.

"Then you do not intend to slumber?" demanded Sapichy, who had overheard him, as he threw himself carelessly upon the ground.

"No, count"—said the young man gravely. "I have to think over what you have told me."

"By St. Paul—when a captain wakes, the soldiers may rest."

Turning, he ejaculated a brief order to the two Cossacks, and the drivers of the vehicle, who had been attending to their horses. They immediately stretched themselves on the earthen floor behind him, against the wall. Recollecting himself, the French nobleman turned to the Moujik.

"Have you seen to Starbeam—Ivan?"

"As well as I could—master."

Under the projecting eaves of the wooden ruin, sheltered as much as possible from the storm, the stallion had been fastened. On hearing the voice of the count, he neighed, as if to inform him he had partially recovered from his terror.

"You—Ivan, had better sleep, too." Seeing that the other serf of Wollinski did not lie down with him, De Chateaupers added—"and you, Alexowitch—also."

After saying this, he stepped toward the doorway of the hut, and gazed out upon the still rapidly falling rain, as it was now more rarely lit by the occasional flashes, which, from time to time, seamed the dark shadows of the wood that stretched into the blackness around him.

He was followed by the lynx-like gaze of his second. It rested upon him as he stood there, with an amused expression of sarcastic scorn.

This gradually faded out with the dying light from the smoldering logs. Then, the keen eyes closed and opened, and closed again in slumber. But while they were doing so, his lips unconsciously muttered the last mocking impression which had crossed that worldly brain—

"May his mother be defiled, but the French fool is more in love than I thought."

Low as those hesitating words were, the only ears that caught their contemptuous significance were those of the still unslumbering girl. Her young heart throbbed wildly, and her cheeks tingled, and her closed eyes flamed under their lids, hot and scorchingly, as she heard them. She had this day felt, for the first time, that he whom she loved, also, loved her. If she should have erred, she would, on discovering it, have died. Happily, had she been a free woman, she might merely, in such a case, have broken her heart; and broken hearts are easily patched. As a serf, love was part and parcel of her life. What else had she to live for? What else was left her from the joys, the passions, the troubles and the griefs of maidenhood or of matronhood? She counted nothing of the sorrows which must stir the love of a noble for a serf—such love as she had heard of. Where and from whom had she heard it? What matters? Did not Sapichy Dolgorouki, the wine, crafty and sagacious husband of her young mistress—No, not her mistress any longer—confirm all she already believed? Yes! Joy of joys—joy unspeakable! Her loved one loved her.

And what was the man she loved, and who loved her, at this time thinking of?

True—he did love her. But it must be owned, that, at present, his love was of a widely different class from hers. Twice had she saved his life. She was now ready to abandon her own to him. All he would, he might have from her, without taking her at God's hands—for could a serf wed with a noble, or a noble plight his troth at the altar with a serf? For some four or perchance six hours that day—the day which had just ended—so moved had he been by the voluntary danger she had incurred for him, that he had actually determined, spite of her serfhood, to make her truly and holily his wife. Yet, now, the words of one man—a man whom, assuredly, he did not love, nor, possibly, even respect—had changed his will. He loved her—oh, yes, very certainly—he was sure he loved her. But what was it that Catharine Dolgorouki had, some days since, hinted to him? Why, of course, he could and would and did love her. He would never marry. Faith, truth, love—all but the wedding-ring he would give her. That was decided.

So, they had separately agreed upon their course of action—she to abandon all and take nothing—he to receive all and give little.

It was almost a pity that the greasy serf—her uncle—who was now watching him through the close and columnar trunks of the pines which stretched around that lonely hut in the broad forest, with his rough red hair and coarse clothing dripping with the waves of the storm, which were already ebbing, had not thrown his fears from him. Those handsome hazel eyes had not detected him. No, although more than a dozen times Mallowitz had unsheathed his knife, and sheathed it, again with a dread that the young Frenchman had seen it flash as his glance fell upon the spot in which the serf had concealed himself.

But, at last, the clouds passed away, gradually unveiling the clear azure of the morning. The sun might already be felt in that green and brown wilderness.

"You have watched faithfully—*mon cher*!" said Sapichy, as, refreshed by his three hours' sleep, he laid his muscularly long and thin fingers upon the shoulder of Henri de Chateaupers.

He had awakened the nearest serf to the spot on which he had been lying, with a vigorous kick, as he had passed his sleeping body.

Mallowitz had heard the movement, the spring of the sleeper to his feet, and his following ejaculation of discomfort. When the Russian gentleman appeared in the doorway, there was nothing to be seen by his sharp glance but the weary figure of his French friend, the dripping carriage, and the pillars of the pine forest scattered on every side.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

DORR intends to illustrate "The Arabian Nights."

GENERAL WOOL bequeathed \$2,000 to General Hardee.

MARIE TAGLIONI, the danseuse, died recently in Austria.

SENATOR REVELS is a warm advocate of the temperance cause.

GARIBALDI's physician gives him but six months more to live.

CHARLES EGAN has bequeathed \$1,000,000 to the Dublin charities.

A PARIS merchant has sued ex-Queen Isabella for a debt of \$5,000.

THE King of Prussia wants to become Emperor of North Germany.

THE King and Queen of Greece are to visit Denmark and Russia in the spring.

OLLIVIER is named as successor to Larmar-tine's chair in the French Academy.

THE Empress Eugenie will pass a few weeks this spring at the island of Madeira.

THE story of the contemplated marriage of the Queen of England is again revived.

THE new issue of fifty cent notes are to bear the bust of the late Secretary Stanton.

SEWARD says he heard or saw nothing, during his travels, that was not absolutely splendid.

VICTOR EMANUEL will visit Vienna in April, and in all probability extend his trip to Berlin.

MISS ANNIE CARRY has been selected to travel with Adeline Patti in her American tour.

THE Sultan is anxious to visit Western Europe again, but his Minister will not let him go.

THERE is a rumor that General Upton is to relieve General Pitcher in command at West Point.

MR. E. M. SPENCER, one of the oldest journalists of Cincinnati, is said to have become insane.

THE report that Mr. Goldwin Smith is to return to England is denied by that gentleman himself.

THE Rev. S. B. Holliday, for eleven years in charge of the Five Points Home of Industry, has resigned his place.

THE rumor is renewed that Postmaster General Creswell will soon resign and accept a foreign mission.

THE Prince of the Asturias, the legitimate heir of the Crown of Spain, is an ill-mannered and illiterate boy.

JAMES W. MASON, a mulatto planter of Chicot county, Ark., has been nominated to the Senate for Minister to Liberia.

COUNT BISMARCK has had a dispute over the bill of the doctor who attended his son, severely wounded in a student's duel.

MONTGOMERY BLAIR has resurrected himself and announces himself as a candidate for Congress in the Fifth Maryland District.

OLE BULL was cured of a headache by the California earthquake, which proves that it's an ill quake that shakes nobody any good.

THE Emperor Alexander the Second of Russia, it is generally known, is incurably sick, and will die in the course of a few months.

BARON ADOLPHE DE ROTHSCHILD recently fought a duel at Monaco, respecting some racing matters, and wounded his adversary in the arm.

THE London "Lancet" describes John Bright's disease as nervous exhaustion, for which absolute rest of mind is essential to his recovery.

THE Crown Princess Louisa of Denmark is described as the most lovely heiress of a crown in Europe, and yet she is brutally treated by her husband.

THE Arctic explorer, Hall, has been invited by the President and others to deliver a lecture in Washington, and develop his plans for a third voyage.

THEY say, in Paris, that Father Hyacinthe desires to be entirely divested of his ecclesiastical functions, in order to be able to marry his handsome young cousin.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the Fenian, has been found guilty of a separate crime on three indictments, and on each of them has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

AN American author of eminence recently called on Carlyle, armed with a letter of introduction from Emerson, and the urbane Thomas slammed the door in his visitor's face.

LAUNT THOMPSON, the sculptor, has been invited to make a design and model a group for the south pediment of the Capitol at Washington, to balance that by Crawford on the north.

MR. STEPHEN MASSETT, at Farwell Hall, Chicago, on Thursday, March 24, attracted one of the largest houses of the season, to listen to his interesting entertainment on "Japan and China."

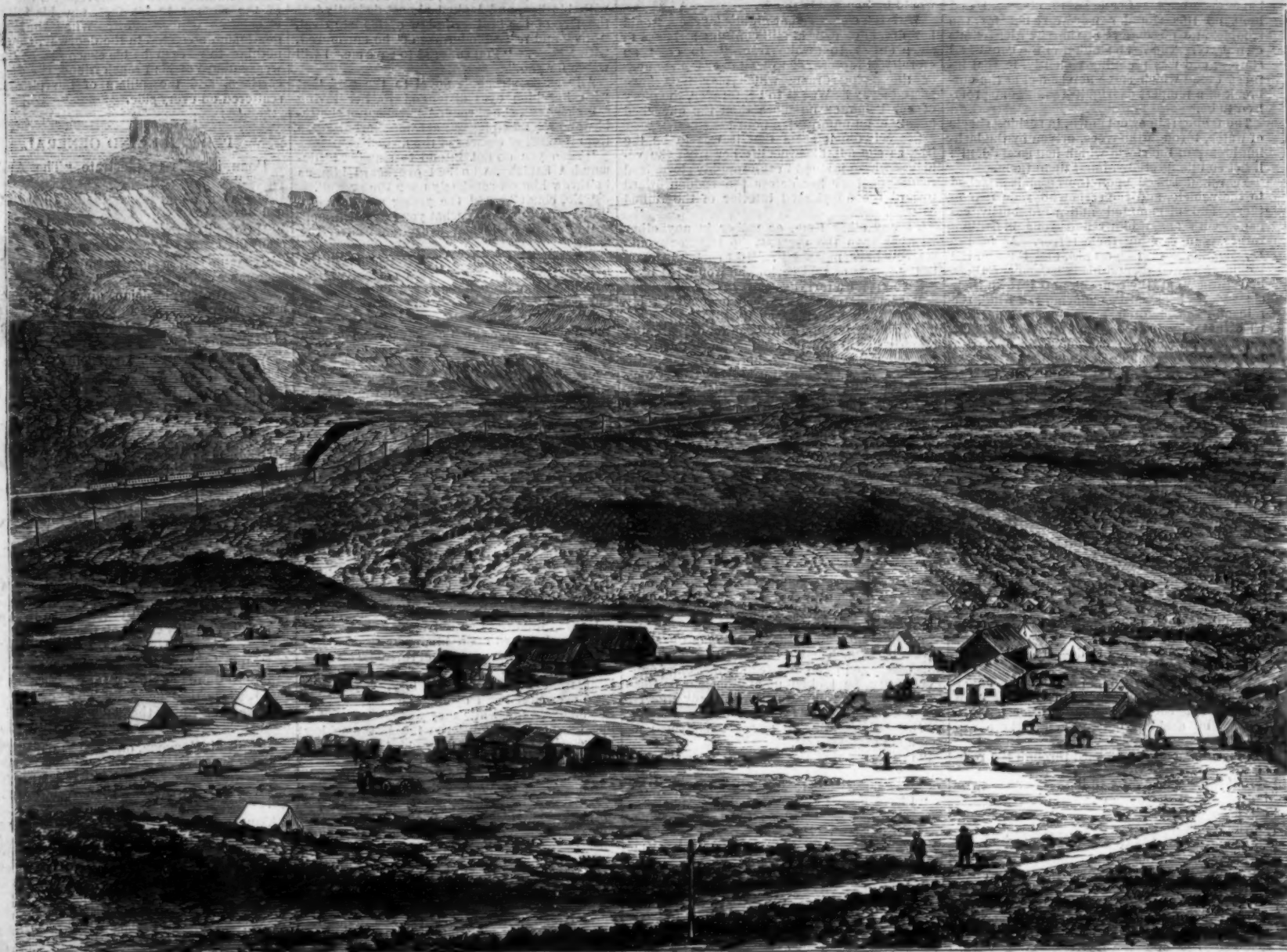
THE President has offered to General Bache—*in case the bill passes Congress* uniting the Missions at Ecuador, Uruguay, and Paraguay into one—the position of Minister to those governments.

SENATOR REVELS has instructed the doorkeepers not to deliver the cards of any visitors to him during the sessions of the Senate, as he does not wish to be disturbed in the consideration of the public business.

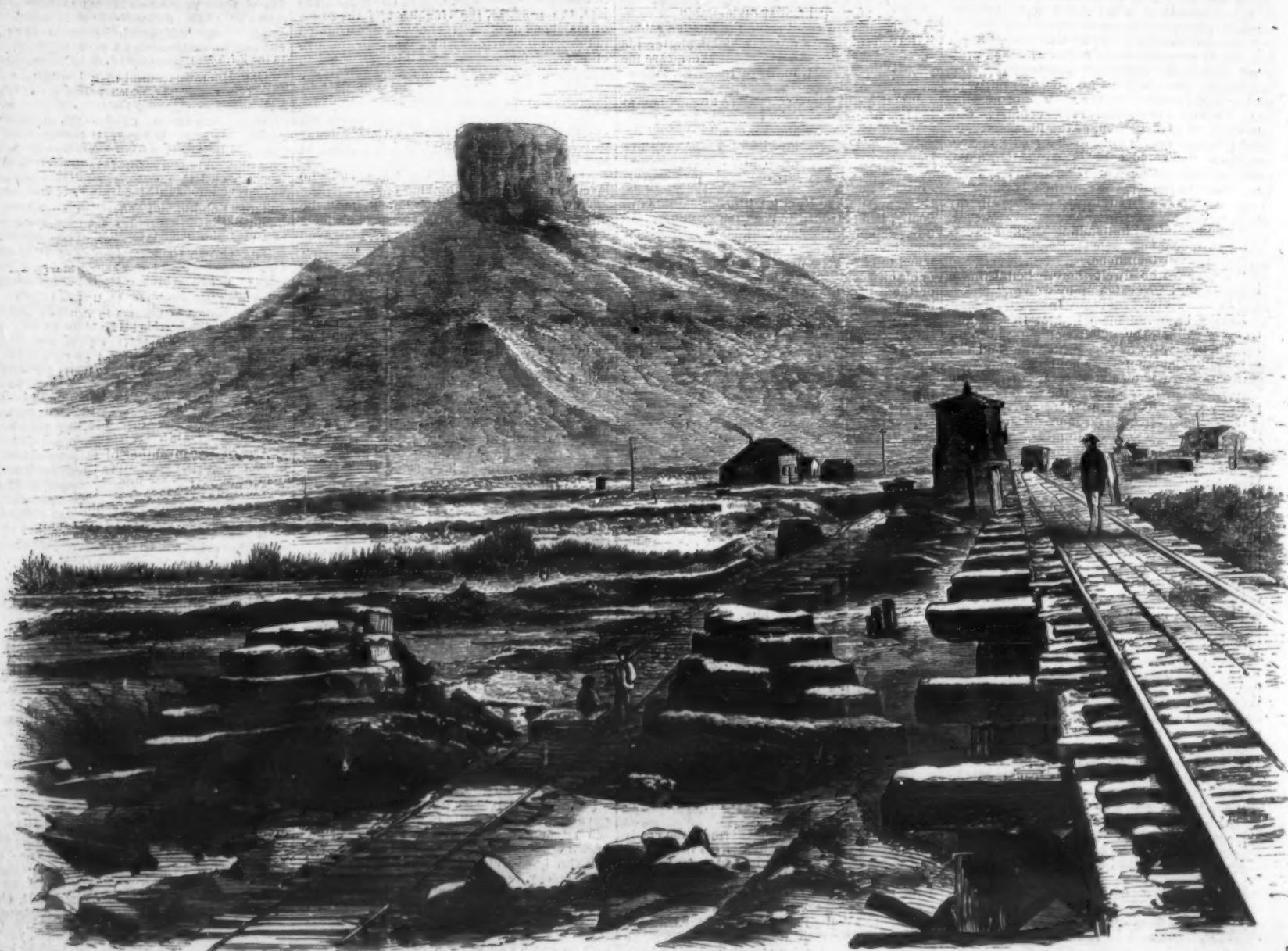
PRINCE AMADEUS, of Italy in return for the safe deliverance from sickness of himself and wife while on a tour to the East, has sent to the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, a rosary consisting of 277 rubies, emeralds, sapphires and pearls, worth \$15,000.

MR. FULLMAN promises, if Mr. Bright will come to America, to carry him, and as many of his friends as he may name, across the continent in a special train of hotel and drawing-room cars, stopping whenever he pleases on the route, and making each halt as long as he likes.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WILLIAM B. CURRING, United States navy, famous for his exploits during the war, among them blowing up the rebel ram Albemarle, was recently united in matrimony to Miss Forbes, of Fredonia, New York. Mr. Cushing has the honor of being the most rapidly promoted officer in the service.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—BITTER CREEK VALLEY—CONSTRUCTION-CAMP OF THE PACIFIC RAILROAD IN THE FOREGROUND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.



ACROSS THE CONTINENT.—CITADEL ROCK, GREEN RIVER; PACIFIC RAILROAD-BRIDGE IN THE FOREGROUND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. J. RUSSELL.



GEORGIA.—THE "CRACKERS," WITH STOCK AND TEAMS, EMIGRATING TO FLORIDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

OVERLAND SCENES.

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE noble or ignoble red man has not forgotten the habits of other days. The overland railway, while it has brought the East and West into nearer relationship, has not altogether tamed the aboriginal inhabitant of the Plains. It has rendered it easier for him to obtain whiskey, tobacco, and other products of civilized communities, and, in this way, has shown him the deficiencies of his barbaric existence; it will eventually make him peaceable, by extinguishing him; but, at the present time, he insists upon proving to the world that he still lives. Things are so managed in the far West, that there is hardly ever a month when all the Indian tribes are at peace with their white neighbors. Now it is one band, and now another, so that the troops on the frontier do not pass their lives in idleness. Not long ago, there was a massacre of the Piegan Indians, which is variously reported in the papers, and as variously commented upon. One fact is clear—that the Indians were surprised, and many of them were killed. The point in dispute is the proportion of women and children among the victims. It is difficult for one at a distance to judge fairly of misunderstandings between the whites and the Indians. At the rate in which the aboriginals are disappearing, it will not be many years before there will be no occasion for disputes, as the country will be entirely under the control of the palefaces.

One of the most recent exploits of the Indians, in a warlike way, is in attacking a party of men on a hand-car, on the Platte Division of the Union Pacific Railway. The Indian braves were accompanied by their squaws, who kept prudently in the rear, and looked upon the fight with the most perfect complacency. The Indians followed the hand-car quite a distance, discharging their arrows and rifles at the men upon it, and literally keeping up a running fire. The men returned the shots, and say that they are certain that they killed one of the attacking party. As the hand-car approached a station, the Indians prudently retired, and left the white men to tell the story of the battle. The life of a section-man, on the portion of the railway that runs through the Indian country, must be anything but agreeable.

The artist has given us a view of Citadel Rock, in the valley of Green River. It rises, in the form of a turret, out of a gently-sloping hill, and looks more like a work of art than one of nature. There are many elevations of this kind in the Rocky Mountain chain, some of them much larger than the one which is illustrated herewith. On the summit of Long's Peak, one of the most elevated points south of the line of the railway, there is an enormous mass of rock, that, when viewed from Denver, forty miles away, has quite a resemblance to a low-roofed house. But, when nearly approached, it proves to be much larger than any house ever constructed by human hands, and it is a matter of great difficulty and danger to ascend to its roof. A party that climbed it last season had the pleasure of walking for half a mile or more along a sharply-inclined slope of rock, where a single misstep would have

sent them rolling to the valley below. Probably there is no reasonable sum of money that would induce any member of that party to repeat the experiment. Citadel Rock is not an easy one to ascend, and fortunately the train does not tarry long enough in the vicinity to give the through passenger an opportunity to endeavor to break his neck. When the overland route has lost its freshness, it is possible that the railway companies will organize through trains, that will stop at the points where there is a liberal amount of danger for all who desire it.

A fine view is presented of the Bitter Creek Valley, so named because the water in the creek has an alkaline taste. The valley was not a populous one before the railway made its appearance, and the inhabitants shown in the picture are far from permanent. The mountains, touched with snow, rise in the background, while in front of them are low hills, whose only covering is sage-bush and a very scanty growth of grass. The foreground of the picture is occupied by a construction-camp, which was moved along as fast as the road was completed. Our railway-builders were organized like an army. There were the pioneers, who surveyed the route and located it; and then came one detachment after another, till the locomotive followed with its regular trains. Among the hills, the men dwelt in camps like

the one shown in the picture; but on the level plains, where the road was built from three to six or seven miles a day, there was no time even for the formation of camps. A boarding-house train formed a part of the constructing machinery, and was kept as close to the end of the track as was conveniently possible. The men who lived in it could hardly claim to have local habitation, however much they might be blessed with names. They must have been a great puzzle to the census-taker, and a source of delight to aspiring politicians, wherever they happened to be on election day. They might vote early and often; and if the work of railway construction was rapidly pushed, they could easily live in two townships between sunrise and sunset.

THE NEW FLOATING CHAPEL FOR SEAMEN.

THE new floating chapel, moored at the foot of Pike street, East River, has been completed, and forms a very attractive place of worship for seamen. It is built in the Gothic style, with funds advanced by the congregations of the Dutch Reformed churches of New York. The chapel will comfortably seat about four hundred persons, and has a gallery for the use of the choir, placed over the doorway. The walls are

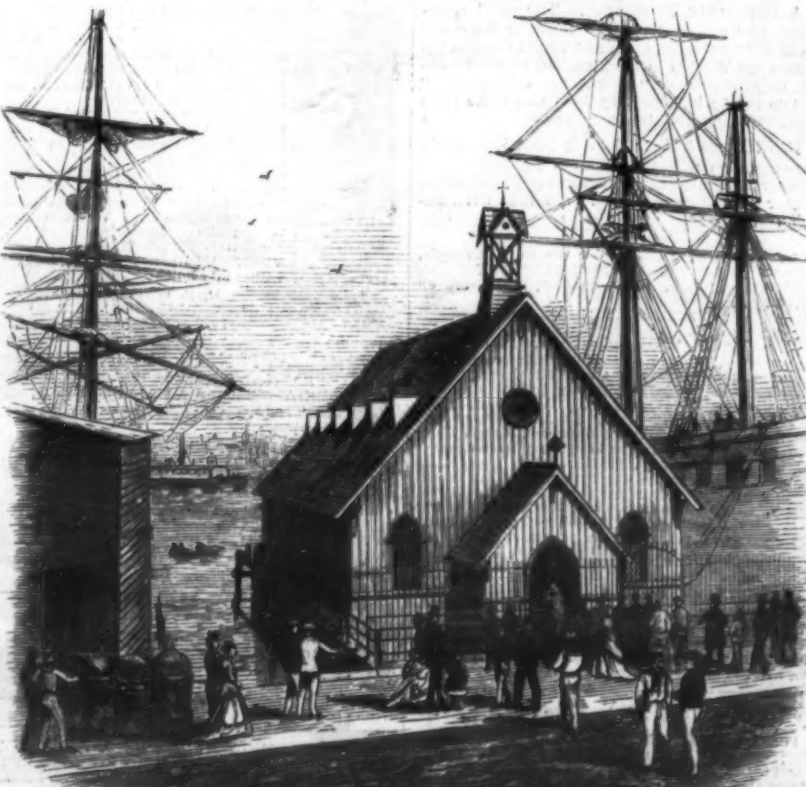
hung with pictures of a nautical character, which are intended to suggest noble thoughts and heroic actions. A cupola has been furnished, in which is hung a clear-toned bell that will ring a cordial welcome on the Sabbath to the many sailors frequenting that portion of the city.

THE GEORGIA "CRACKERS."

THE engraving illustrates a class inhabiting the Southern States, the peculiar outgrowth of its social relations during the era of slavery. These singular people were always regarded by the negroes as beneath them in the social scale, and by them denounced as "mean white trash." By intelligent Southerners they were ordinarily designated by such titles as "dirt-eaters," "clay-eaters," and by Georgians and Floridians particularly as "Crackers." These people are nomadic in their habits. "They toil not, neither do they spin," and yet, after a fashion, they thrive. They have a curious appetite for dirt, being excessively fond of a species of greasy, yellow clay, that is found in the hills of the western sections of North and South Carolina and Georgia. This peculiar appetite was long disputed by the superior whites, but it is now, we believe, generally admitted to be a fact. The Cracker has a yellowish skin, is generally tall, lank, degraded in mind as well as body, and shuffles in his gait. He is not fond of work. "Them am for niggers," is his phrase. The Cracker accepts his condition in life. He is, perhaps, quite happy in it; for although many attempts have been made to exalt and wean him, he will return, not to his "flesh-pot," but to his clay-bank, where he can indulge, without cost to his purse, but terribly to his stomach, his strange taste. The Cracker is usually the possessor of a wagon and oxen, some household furniture (made in the most primitive fashion), and occasionally boasts of other "stock." When tired of "loafing" in one section, he, with his cronies, migrates to another. He has no fixed home. To-day he flourishes in Georgia on yellow clay, and a month hence may be found in Florida or Alabama, rejoicing in the wild food the prolific soil yields to himself and cattle. The Cracker is instinctively a wanderer, and, in the dialect of the negro, is of "no 'count anywhar in creation."

"THE LAST BALL OF THE SEASON."

IS THE close of the season anticipated by the publication of the splendid illustration, given on another page, over the title which stands as the caption to this paragraph? True lovers of the dance know no season for Terpsichorean movement. Give them, in the warmest days, in August—when the thermometer suggests cool shades, the sea-shore, the polar regions, ice-creams and "low-tempered soda-water"—a measured tune—be it polka, waltz, mazourka or schottische—and, although the perspiration stand out in great beads on their heated brows, they will gyrate with, perhaps, as much zeal, if not positive pleasure, as though, in the "season," they were "tripping it on the light fantastic toe." But dancing, like other social amusements, has its period, and very properly too, because it pertains rather to the physical, and, however agreeable, is best enjoyed when



NEW YORK.—THE NEW FLOATING CHAPEL FOR MARINERS, FOOT OF PIER AND SOUTH STREETS.

the mercury in the tube is inclined to shrink into the bulb. Our picture is designed to indicate a higher temperature than can be reasonably expected in the winter solstice; and, as the vernal season rapidly approaches, we are naturally inclined to look for more healthful re-unions than those found in crowded assemblies, where women, in all the tawdry and weight of fashion, move listlessly to and fro in an impure and heated atmosphere. In the town, the season is over; but at the sea-side, in the mountains, and at Saratoga, a renewal of the dance, under another name, however, is promised its votaries. The stately ball, with its heavy and costly costumes, is exchanged for the less formal hop, which is enjoyed with an abandonment that may never be hoped for where cold etiquette is master of ceremonies.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SIAMESE TWINS.

A SIAMESE correspondent, in a late issue of *Cassell's Magazine*, writes of these celebrated "twins." He says they were born about the year 1825 at Bang Meklong, a village of fishermen situated at the mouth of the river Meklong, and distant about thirty miles from the populous capital of Siam. Their father was a Chinaman, and their mother was of Siamese descent only on her maternal side. The Twins are, therefore, three-quarters Chinese by blood, and one-quarter Siamese. Any one familiar with the oblique eye, and other strongly marked features which characterize the Mongolian race, will at once notice how thoroughly the Twins betray by the cast of their countenances their Chinese origin.

The land of their birth is a land where the religion of Buddha has taken the firmest root. The practical rules of conduct which the great Messiah of Brahminism taught have sunk deep into the hearts of the people of Siam; and there is no tenet on which Buddha laid greater stress than on that which upholds the sanctity of every form of animal life. "Shed not blood, for the blood is the life," is one of the great texts which the apostle from Magadha was continually enforcing; and it is probably to the practical application of this rule that the Siamese Twins owe their escape from an untimely destruction. For haps in other countries such twins may have been born, but they have probably been destroyed, or severed by a surgeon's knife, to take their chance of living or dying, as the Fates might determine. But in Siam, maternal affection, being strengthened by the maxims of religion, allowed no interference with this whimsical freak of nature; and so the Twins, who belonged to the humblest ranks of life, grew up to the age of seventeen or eighteen years amidst the fishermen of their native village. In those days, the gates of Siam were closely barred against foreigners—no trade with the white-faced strangers was permitted; and the rulers of this little kingdom, trembling with hatred and fear, sat watching the progress of English arms in Birman, with a conviction that they themselves, too, were one day to be swallowed up by the pale, grey-eyed invaders.

In the midst of these agitations, there arrived an American vessel in the roadstead at Bangkok, laden with a large quantity of condemned guns and other military stores, which the astute Yankee had bought up in a Government auction at Calcutta, and expected to sell at high prices to the Siamese authorities, who, as he imagined, would be only too glad to procure European weapons to turn, in case of need, against European intruders. It was then his plan to invest the purchase-money in rice, in those days abundant and cheap in China. But the jealous rulers of the land would not buy his guns, and they displayed their malice in forbidding any of their people to sell the stranger rice.

By some piece of good luck, the disappointed mariner fell in with the Twins, and, having once enticed them on board his craft, he was not long in weighing anchor, and went whistling down the Gulf of Siam, quite alive to the value of the prize he had secured. By exhibiting these Twins in the civilized world, he made a fortune for himself and for them; and when they had accumulated sufficient means, the Siamese brothers settled in America, where they have been peacefully residing for many years. They each of them married, and have each of them a family. It was only very recently that their parents in Siam died.

In consequence of pecuniary losses sustained during the late trouble in the Southern States of America, it became expedient for these Twins again to appear before the public. They therefore came to London, during the early part of last year; and the discussion which then arose in some of the current journals in connection with a proposed surgical operation, was probably nothing more than a "puff," cleverly got up to "draw" a wondering-loving public. No severance by the knife of a surgeon was ever seriously contemplated.

CROCODILES.

Of all wild animals, the crocodile seems to be the most alarming and destructive. An Egyptian sportsman, who supported himself and his family by the produce of his gun, about six years since, with three of his neighbors, went to an island called Geizet-el-Arab—a favorite resort of crocodiles—to hunt for their eggs. As they were going round the island, three crocodiles escaped into the river. On examining the spot, a quantity of eggs were discovered in the sand. These they secured, and were proceeding back to their tent, when a crocodile who had watched the transaction rushed to the place of her deposit, and as rapidly returned to the river, and swimming, followed them opposite to their abode, where until nightfall her eyes were seen above the water. The sportsman feasted sumptuously upon their spoil; but as soon as the last embers of their fire had died away, the crocodile charged them furiously, repeating her attacks several times during the night; and it was only by the frequent discharge of their fire-arms that they kept her off at all. The crocodile, which had hitherto remained harmless, now became furious, and attacked all the cattle it could catch upon the river-side. Among the victims was a fine mare in a neighboring village, who, as usual, was allowed to graze in the coarse abundant pasturage. One day, whilst drinking she was seized in the back of the neck by the jaws of the crocodile. The mare being a powerful animal, in an agony of pain, threw up her head. The crocodile dropped upon her back, and with her strange burden, the mare galloped off to her stable. The astonished villagers immediately set upon the crocodile with their naboot, or stout sticks, until she was induced to let go her hold and dismount; but the mare died from the joint effect of its wounds and the fright. During March, which is the breeding season, the crocodiles deposit their eggs in the sand on the banks, or, in preference, in small sand-banks or islands on the stream. The eggs, which are white and hard, in size resemble those of a domestic goose. One found on the White River measured exactly three inches and a half in length, and five inches and thirteen-sixteenths in circumference.

The care and anxiety bestowed by these ferocious creatures upon their eggs is astonishing. When about to lay, the female crocodile will dig with her claws, a hole in the sand, six inches deep, drop her egg

therein, and cover it up. She will then make several holes around the first, to mislead those in search of her treasure. Every day she will add a fresh egg to her store, at the same time carefully enlarging the excavation, turning them, and re-covering them with sand. After they are hatched by the sun's rays, the mother will place her young in the shallow water of a retired creek, where she will nourish them until they are capable of feeding themselves.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

SADDLE-BAGS—Riding trowsers.
OCULAR punishment—Eye-lashes.
SPRING trade—The watch business.
THE greatest bet ever made—The alphabet.
FLOWERS of speech—The language of Lilly-pot.
TAPER wastes—Burning candles in the day time.
THE spendthrift's prayer—Leave me a loan, will you?
AN unpleasant sort of arithmetic—Division among families.
WHAT should clergymen preach about? About fifteen minutes.

WHAT meter is best for a valentine? Meet her by moonlight alone.

WHEN a policeman arrests a boot-black, he may be said to have caught a shiner.

WHY is the earth like a blackboard? Because the children of men multiply upon the face of it.

WHY are umbrellas like good Catholics? Because they keep *lent* so well. We are a present sufferer.

WHY is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic? Because he puts down three and carries one.

QUESTION IN ARITHMETIC—If Sir Walter Scott's dog was worth ten guineas, what was his kennel worth?

A MAN being asked if he liked sausages, remarked that he had never eaten any; they were to him a *terrier incognita*.

"PETER, you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in the company of good boys on the bench. Come up here and sit by me, sir."

"MAN wants but little beer below," says an English drinkist, "but wants that little strong." This is what a cockney might call an *at-an-aphorism*.

A GENTLEMAN of Providence took his five-year-old son to church, for the first time, a few weeks ago. When the clergyman said, "Let us pray," the precocious youngster, in a high-keyed voice, electrified the congregation with the exclamation, "Let her rip."

Two little girls were heard one morning engaged in a dispute as to what their "mothers could do." The dispute was ended by the youngest child saying: "Well, there's one thing my mother can do, that yours can't—my mother can take every one of her teeth out at once."

"TAKE this hat off," said one fellow in the crowd to another in front of him. "What for?" "Why, aw cannot see." "Well," replied the other, "if aw tak my hat off thou'll be worse off than ever. My yare (hair) is thirteen inches long, and it stons straight up. I've put my hat on to keep it down."

DURING a fine starlight evening lately, a juvenile philosopher, after a silent and profound scrutiny of the heavens, asked his mother abruptly where the stars came from. "Mamma replied: 'I don't know, Willie.' 'Yes, you do, too.' 'No, Willie; I don't know where the stars came from.' 'Well, you bet I do. The moon laid 'em.'"

At our barber's, yesterday morning, there was an old chap with a head as smooth as a billiard ball. "I say now, barber," snarled he, "part my hair evenly." "There isn't much left to part," said the man of lather. "You have always said that, and yet you have finished by parting it somehow, and I dare say you can now." "No use to try, sir; but I tell you what I'll do—I'll make a line with a piece of red chalk."

DR. GARDNER'S original and important work on "Conjugal Sins"—see advertisement in another column—is having an immense sale—7,000 in a month's time—especially at this season of such general stagnation in the book-trade, is a success almost unparalleled. It is owing to its meeting a public want and the universal recommendation it has received from the press, clergy, and people generally.

A FAVORABLE NOTORIETY.—The good reputation and extended use of "Brown's Bronchial Troches," for Coughs, Colds and Throat Diseases has caused the Troches to be extensively imitated. Obtain only the genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not be influenced by those who make more profit by selling worthless imitations.

B. K. BLISS & SON, 41 Park Row, New York, have recently published the Sixteenth Annual Edition of their Illustrated Seed Catalogue and Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden. See their advertisement.

We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of **AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL** will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

The Ladies' Socosis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared, that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right—yes, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they all voted that Magnolia Balm overcome Sallowness, Rough Skin, and Ring-marks, and gave to the complexion a most *distingue* (Sorsorian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that Lyon's Kathalron made the Hair grow thick, soft and awful pretty, and, moreover, prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice, they are not smart.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, and Tan.

Use "PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION." The only Reliable and Harmless Remedy known to Science for removing brown discolorations from the Face. Prepared only by Dr. R. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

For Comedones, Black Worms or Grubs, Pimples, Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurements on the Face, use "PERRY'S COMEDONE AND PIMPLE REMEDY." It contains no DEAD POISON. Depot, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

Answer to a Letter from Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1870.

Rev. H. W. Beecher.

DEAR SIR—Your esteemed favor to me, dated 27th of February (Sunday last), has just been handed in by the penny post. Its dignified and Christian tone, social and friendly tenor, is the best proof of the true state of your heart, which you have ever given in unmistakable black and white.

I feel as though I must preserve and exhibit it to those who may be solicitous of ascertaining the brotherly love which you indulge in on the Holy Sabbath day, and express to me in a letter in your own autograph.

I was interrupted, while perusing your letter, by a patient of mine from Brooklyn, Mr. Daniel Swannell, residing at 204 Atlantic Street, who gave me a certificate of his cure. He had been ruptured for several years; suffered and got worse, from the use of Marsh's truss. I took his case in hand last July, and, notwithstanding he has taken laborious and active exercise since, he is now quite well, and has been, from the first day, improving. His doctor, Mr. Colfax, from Pompton, said to him, the other day, "If you had not gone to Dr. Sherman, you would now be a dead man."

Such evidence in the relief of suffering humanity is indeed flattering, quite as much so as your favorable reflections in your eminent epistle to me on Sunday last.

Young Mr. Slater, who accompanied his father, related that an uncle of his, the late Mr. Stephen Morehouse, who lived in Grand street, died from strangulated rupture.

I thank you, Mr. Beecher, for the permission you have kindly accorded me to publish your amiable favor, promising you to avail myself of it at the proper time. Hoping to hear soon from you again, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

T. A. SHERMAN.

DR. SHERMAN may be consulted at his office, 697 Broadway, where he is prepared to treat every form of Hernia, or Rupture, with a view to radical cure, without restriction in exercise or diet, and without regard to the age of the patient, or duration of the affliction. Pamphlets, with photographic likenesses of remarkable cases, before and after cure, and other information, mailed on receipt of ten cents.

"ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF WONDERS," sent free. Address B. FOX & CO., Station A, New York City.

THREE PREMIUMS, ONE OF FIVE dollars, one of two dollars and a half, and a fine picture, are given every week for the best solutions of the enigmas, charades, etc., in **FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY**.

FENDT'S 234 READY-MADE and MADE-TO-ORDER PLAIN and FANCY Show Cards And Price Marks.

Suitable for any business, and surpassing all others in elegance and cheapness. Send 3 cents for Catalogue and Prices.

E. FENDT, 234 Broadway, N. Y.

Agents Wanted in every Town in the Union. Liberal Terms.

INVALIDS' TRAVELING CHAIRS, From \$15 to \$40, for in and out door use. Any one having use of the hands can propel and guide them. Having no use of the hands, any child of five years can push a grown person about. Invalids' Carriages to order. State your case, and send stamp for circular. STEPHEN W. SMITH, No. 90 William Street, New York.

H. B. WIGGIN & SON

Manufacture and put up to order Holland, Gilt, and ALL VARIETIES OF WINDOW-SHADES, promptly and skillfully, with the most approved Fixture. Also, WIRE SCREENS, PLAIN, LETTERED AND LANDSCAPED, for DOORS AND WINDOWS. We are the sole agents of David's Patent, the most convenient and economical method of hanging WINDOW-SHADES. They are so hung that they cannot be pulled off the roller. This cut represents the top half, and half of the bottom half, covered, admitting the air at the bottom. We take measures, make estimates, and put up WINDOW-CURTAINS, CORNICES, VENETIAN BLINDS, etc., anywhere within fifty miles of New York.

H. B. WIGGIN & SON, (Successors to Terhune & Breth.), 29 Barclay Street, New York.

BOYS! ATTENTION! IN NO. 180 of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY will begin a capital new story, entitled "The Rival Crusoes."

\$25 Capital, \$3,000 Profits. Partner wanted in every town. C. W. DENNIS, Rochester, N. Y.

WONDERFUL.—By sending 50c. and date of birth, you will receive a written history of your future life, and photograph of your future husband or wife, with name, and date of marriage. Address J. W. PARKER, Elm, Mich.

Wonder! Wonder!

Full instructions by which any person can master the great art of Ventriloquism, and win the undying love of the fair sex in an hour, sent by mail, postage paid, for 50 cents. Satisfaction given in every case, or money refunded. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Box 2,45, St. Louis, Mo.

VINEGAR. HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Melasses or Sugar in 10 hours without using drugs. For circulars, address F. L. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

A PILL

In the stomach is dangerous and absurd. Dr. Wolcott condemns even catnip tea, for it brings on marasmus, and has sent millions to the grave. His PAIN PAINTESTER tested free at 151 Chatham Square, New York. Sold at all drug-stores.

"A THREATENING LETTER," IN FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, No. 252, is one of the most taking stories out. Read it.

THIRD EDITION NOW READY.

CONJUGAL SINS

AGAINST THE **Laws of Life and Health,** And their Effects upon the Father, Mother, and Child,

By A. K. GARDNER, A.M., M.D.

CHAPTERS.
I. The Modern Woman's Physical Deterioration.
II. Local Disease in Children, and its Causes.
III. At What Age Should One Marry?
IV. Is Continence Physically Injurious?
V. Personal Pollution.
VI. The Injurious Results of Physical Excess.
VII. Methods Used to Prevent Conception, and their Consequences.
VIII. Infantile.
IX. Conjugal Relations During the Period of Menstruation.
X. Conjugal Relations Between the Old.
XI. Marriage Between Old Men and Young Girls.
XII. What may be Done, with Health in View and the Fear of God Before Us.
In one vol., 12mo., paper cover. Price \$1; bound, \$1.50. Sold by booksellers and newsmen, or sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price.
J. S. REDFIELD, 140 Fulton Street, N. Y.

I HAVE TRIED ALL MY FRIENDS, and they tell me that they like FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY the best. —Correspondent of *Macon (Ga.) paper*.

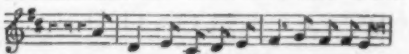
HUDSON River Institute and Claverack College.—A first-class institution for both sexes. College course for ladies, and Academic course for ladies and gentlemen. Nine departments, and seventeen professors and teachers. Term opens April 1st. For catalogue, containing full particulars, address: REV. ALONZO FLACK, A. M., President, Claverack, Columbia Co., N. Y.

I was cured of Deafness and Catarrh by a simple remedy, and will send the receipt free. MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J.

OXYGENIZED AIR.

A cure for Scrofula, Catarrh, and Consumption. Send address for pamphlet, to DR. C. L. BLOOD, Boston, Mass.

FOR CAPITAL STORIES, CONTINUED or complete in the number, buy FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, the most attractive family paper in the world.



BOOSEY & CO'S CHEAP MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A new Catalogue ready, free on application. 300 Glee, Patriotic, Opera and Oratorio Choruses, for the use of Choral Societies, 5 cents each. THE BALLAD SINGER—50 new songs, by Claribel and the best composers, 5 cents each. THE MUSICAL CABINET—a complete library of modern music, Sacred and Secular, Vocal and Instrumental, in books, 50 cents each. Boosey's Half-Dollar Operas for the Pianoforte, complete, with overture, etc.; 30 operas ready. HOUSEHOLD MUSIC—a new and elegant series of popular music-books, 40 cents each. ORATORIOS AND MASSES, 50 cents each. TUTORIAL STUDIES, for all instruments, 50 cents each. VIOLIN LITERARY, 40 books, 50 cents each. FLUTE LITERARY, 15 books, 50 cents each. Church Services, 25 cents each. Organ and Cabinet-Organ Music, in volumes, \$1 to \$5 each. Complete Operas, with words and music; Operas as Pianoforte Duets; Music for Bands, etc., etc. "Absurdly moderate in price, and perfectly satisfactory in shape."—*New York Times*. To be had of all music and book dealers. BOOSEY & CO., No. 644 Broadway, N. Y., Agents for the celebrated Stein Bros. Musical Instruments.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER is on sale every Monday at all news-depots. Single copies, 10 cents; subscription, \$4 a year.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, published every Monday, price ten cents, is now publishing three of the best continued stories of the day—"Maude's Terrible Secret," "The Inside House—a New York Drama," and "Mindha; or, The Thug's Daughter."

THE MAGIC EGG.—Agents can realize \$10 per day by the sale of these amusing and singular Toys. Sample Egg and terms mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Address W. EARL, 26 Light street, N. Y.

SHOULD BE BOUGHT BY ALL BELLES AND BEAUX.

THE SECRETS OF SOCIETY.

NOW READY.

The new number of

FRANK LESLIE'S BUDGET OF FUN.

THE WOMEN WHO WEAR THE BREECHES; OR

THE CROWING HENS.

WHO'LL CARRY THE CHILD?

THE SAINTS OF SOCIETY.

THE SAINTS OF SOCIETY.

THE SAINTS OF SOCIETY.

THE BELLE BETRAYED.

THE BELLE BETRAYED.

THE BEAU BETRAYED.

THE BEAU BETRAYED.

FALSE CALVES, FALSE BOSOMS AND WATER-FALLS.

HOW MR. GOODBODY QUIETED HIS BABY,

and 50 other illustrations; being the Comic History of the month. Besides 16 pages of reading matter, by the first writers of the time.

For sale by all Newsmen.

The New Romance,
BY
C. G. ROSENBERG,
AUTHOR OF "CLOSE PLAY FOR A MILLION,"
"THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE," "PRAG-
MATA," "YOU HAVE HEARD OF
THEM," ETC., ETC.

Three Casts for a Life.

NOW PUBLISHING IN
**Frank Leslie's
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**

Opinions of the Press:

This graphic and original story is laid in Russia, when it was emerging from the barbarism Peter the Great had so vigorously endeavored to eradicate. The remote period and rude habits of society then existing have given the author opportunities of describing character but little known to cursory readers; and thus a freshness is produced, which promises a rare and exciting romance. The plot, too, from its complicated nature, is exceedingly powerful. The institution of serfdom, and the arbitrary nature pervading the social system of Russia under the despotic government existing at the period of the tale, gives ample opportunity to display the author's talent.—*The Express.*

One of the most interesting novels of the present day is the production of Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, entitled "Three Casts for a Life," and now being published in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. It is a careful and accurate picture of Russian life in the olden time, and is full of startling situations and exciting dialogue.—*The Sun.*

The novel which Mr. Rosenberg has recently commenced publishing in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* is a story of Russian life—not modern, but some hundreds of years since, when white serfdom was a Caucasian balance to black slavery. The tale is constructed with great vitality and a sufficiently energetic power to render it more than interesting.—*The Telegram.*

In *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* we have a new novel from this author, whose stirring incidents and romantic characters completely eclipse his preceding works. The story is laid in early Russia. As a serial work, it is well worth perusal, for it is so artistically managed that the interest increases with every chapter, and the reader is kept on the tip-toe of expectation, as incident follows upon incident, and new characters are developed. "Three Casts for a Life" promises to be the most brilliant of Mr. Rosenberg's serial stories.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, who, a few years back, while managing a prominent Philadelphia paper, made many friends in this city, is publishing a new tale in the columns of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. The scene is laid in Northern Russia under the rule of the Empress Anna. A French gallant, Count Chateaufort, while journeying to visit a Boyard, is rescued from a morass by a lovely serf-girl. His romantic attachment to his protectress is becoming complicated with the claims of the son of her owner, whose recognition of her charms is as keen, though not as respectful, as his own. Mr. Rosenberg, as well known in the fine arts as in literature, has the artist's knowledge of composing and coloring a landscape or group so as to make it breathe and live; while he details a dialogue or accident as if it were passing under his eye. "Three Casts for a Life" will possibly bring in many new subscribers to the enterprising weekly in which it appears.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Three Casts for a Life" is the title of a new story appearing in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, from the pen of Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, well known in this community. The scene is laid in Russia, soon after the death of Peter the Great; and there is novelty in incidents and characters away from the beaten track. The chapters already published manifest graphic power of description, and give promise of an exciting romance, working out a complicated plot.—*Boston Transcript.*

The new novel by Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, now being published in *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*, promises an ample field of interest for the readers of periodical literature. It is very vigorously composed, and is called "Three Casts for a Life," the scene being laid in a yet untold field—early Russia.—*Boston Post.*

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of the romance-reading public to Mr. Rosenberg's new novel in *FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER*, "Three Casts for a Life." As far as it has gone, it is one of the most thrillingly powerful serials we have met with in our periodical press. It deals also with a new phase of life—that of Russia immediately after the death of the great Czar—a new phase, at any rate, to the general reader. The characters are clearly drawn, and handled with much force and distinct nerve.—*Home Journal.*

Mr. Rosenberg has commenced a new novel in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, which, judging from its commencement, promises to be both sensational and exceedingly interesting. The place and time of the story are early Russia, and it deals with the old-fashioned white slavery, or serfdom, of the Muscovite, with a force and freedom that argues a thorough knowledge of what it was some quarter of a century since. It is named "Three Casts for a Life," and displays the nerve and power for which the author is so remarkable. It will be unnecessary to give any idea of the plot as it is developed; but we may state to all who are fond of the novel and romance, that they will lose much if they neglect to read this, which is one of Mr. Rosenberg's best works.—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Mr. Charles G. Rosenberg's new serial story, "Three Casts for a Life," is now running in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. It is powerfully and dramatically written, and will add increased interest to a periodical at present one of the most popular of its style in the country, as well as enhance the reputation of its talented artist-author.—*Leader.*

Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, equally known in art and literature, has completed and disposed of, to *Frank Leslie*, a novel entitled "Three Casts for a Life." In the opening chapters those materials are evident which sooner or later will culminate in what, upon the stage, would be called a "fine situation" while the story is told in that ornate, yet straightforward Rosenbergian English best suited to develop the powerful plot the author indicates.—*Sunday Times.*

"Three Casts for a Life" is the title of a story which Charles G. Rosenberg—poet, artist and novelist—is writing for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. The story in question is a romance of the popular school, and evinces excellent talent in the combination of the plot, and in the working out of the detail of the narrative.—*Boston Sunday Times.*

This novel commenced in No. 748 of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

The book numbers can be procured, at present, by any who desire to follow out this powerful romance from its commencement.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,
Still continue to keep the largest stock of
PARLOR, DINING, AND BEDROOM
Furniture, Carpets,
Oil Cloths, Mattresses, Spring Beds, Etc.,
of any house in the United States, which they offer at
Retail and Wholesale prices.

THE CELEBRATED IMITATION GOLD HUNTING WATCHES. "COLLINS METAL," IMPROVED OROIDE.



These justly celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations.

Prices: Horizontal Watches, \$10, equal in appearance and for time to Gold Watches worth \$100; Full Jeweled Levers, \$15, equal to \$150 Gold ones; Full Jeweled Levers, extra fine and superior finish, \$20, equal to \$200 Gold ones.

Also, an EXTRA HEAVY WATCH, 4 ounces down weight, equaling in appearance a gold one costing \$250. Price of this magnificent Watch, only \$25. All our Watches in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, \$2 to \$5. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

TO CLUBS.—Where six watches are ordered at one time, we send a seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, New York.

A GREAT OFFER!!

HORACE WATERS, 451 Broadway, New York, will dispose of one hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs of six first-class makers, at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take from \$5 to \$25 monthly until paid; the same to let, and rent money applied if purchased. Chickering & Sons Pianos are included in this offer.

The Sun.
CHAS. A. DANA, Editor.
The cheapest, smartest, and best New York newspaper. Everybody likes it. Three editions: DAILY, \$6; SEMI-WEEKLY, \$2; and WEEKLY, \$1 a year. ALL THE NEWS at half-price. Full reports of markets, agriculture, Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Clubs, and a complete story in every Weekly and Semi-Weekly number. A present of valuable plants and vines to every subscriber; inducements to canvassers unsurpassed. \$100 Life Insurance, Grand Prizes, Moving Machines, Parlor Organs, Sewing Machines, &c., among the premiums. Specimens and lists free. Send a Dollar and try it.
L. W. ENGLAND, Publisher Sun, New York.

WHAT A RECOMMENDATION FOR a boy to be able to point to his portrait and life in *FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY*, to show that he kept ahead at school, and is determined to keep ahead through life!

PSYCHOMANCY, or SOUL CHARMING. A wonderful book; it shows how either sex can fascinate any one they wish, instantly. (All possess this power.) It teaches how to get rich, Alchemy, Dr. Lee's and Allen's Cabals, Bindings, Sorceries, Incantations, Demonology, Magic, Mesmerism, Spiritualism, Marjorie Guide, and a thousand other wonders. Sent by mail for 25 cents. Address T. WILLIAM & Co., Publishers, South 7th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY OF CUBA.
Conducted by the SPANISH GOVERNMENT. \$300,000 in GOLD. Drawn every Seventeen Days. Prizes paid in Gold, and information furnished. The highest rates paid for Doubloons, and all kinds of Gold and Silver; also for all Government Securities. TAYLOR & CO., Bankers, 16 Wall St., N. Y.

\$20 A DAY! Business men. For circulars and samples sent, address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddford, Me.

1000 CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES—from \$4 to \$25. L. P. TIBBALS, 478 Broadway, New York. Carriages repaired.

THE AMERICAN FAMILY Knitting Machine

Is presented to the public as the most Simple, Durable, Compact and Cheap Knitting Machine ever invented. PRICE, ONLY \$25.

This machine will run either backward or forward with equal facility; makes the same stitch as by hand, but far superior in every respect. WILL KNIT 20,000 STITCHES IN ONE MINUTE, and do perfect work. It will knit a pair of stockings (any size) in less than half an hour. It will knit Close or Open, Plain or Ribbed Work, with any kind of coarse or fine woolen yarn, or cotton, silk or linen. It will knit stockings with double heel and toe, drawers, hoods, socks, smoking-caps, comforts, purses, muffs, fringes, afghans, nubbies, undersleeves, mittens, skating-caps, lamp wicks, mats, cord, undershirts, shawls, jackets, cradle-blankets, leggins, suspenders, wristers, tidies, tippets, tufted work, and in fact an endless variety of articles in every-day use, as well as for ornament.

FROM \$5 TO \$10 PER DAY can be made by any one with the American Knitting Machine, knitting stockings, etc., while expert operators can even make more, knitting fancy work, which always commands a ready sale.

FARMERS can sell their wool at only forty to fifty cents per pound; but by getting the wool made into yarn, at a small expense, and knitting it into socks, two or three dollars per pound can be realized. On receipt of \$25, we will forward a machine as ordered. We wish to procure active AGENTS EVERYWHERE, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered. Address
American Knitting Machine Company,
BOSTON, MASS.; or ST. LOUIS, MO.

RUPTURES CURED

Send 10 cents for Illustrated Pamphlet, with Photographic Likenesses of bad cases before and after cure. Dr. SHERMAN, 697 Broadway, cor 4th St.



B. K. BLISS & SON, Nos. 41 Park Row, and 151 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

Importers, Growers and Dealers in Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, Horticultural Implements and Garden Requisites.

Would inform their friends and the public that the *Tenth Annual Edition of their Illustrated Seed Catalogue and Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden*, is now ready for distribution.

No pains or expense has been spared in preparing this edition to make it the most complete work of the kind ever published in this country.

It contains 120 pages of closely printed matter; upwards of Two Hundred Choice Engravings of Favorite Flowers and Vegetables, and two beautifully colored Lithographs of the celebrated *Lithium Auratum*, and a group of *Prize Fancies*; and a descriptive list of upwards of Two Thousand species and varieties of *Flower and Vegetable Seeds*, including all the novelties of the past season, with directions for their culture; also, a list of upwards of One Hundred Varieties of *Choice Gladioli*; with many other *Summer-Floving Bulbs*, and much useful information upon the subject of gardening generally.

A copy will be mailed to all applicants enclosing twenty-five cents; customers supplied without charge. Bliss's Gardener's Almanac mailed to all applicants upon receipt of a three-cent stamp.

Address **B. K. BLISS & SON,**
P. O. Box 5712, New York.

READ "MAUDE'S TERRIBLE SECRET," an intensely interesting Story of American Life, by M. T. Caldwell. Its merit has led to its being reprinted in England. See *FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER*.

"THE LITTLE BELL-RINGER; OR, THE DISMAL KEEP OF CASTLETOWER," is a capital story, now appearing in *FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY*.

\$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for agents. Samples sent, free. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

Agents! Read This!

WE WILL PAY AGENTS A SALARY of \$30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich.

BOYS AND GIRLS EVERYWHERE take to *FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY* as the paper that just suits them. For sale everywhere Wednesday. Price five cents; two dollars and a half a year.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, etc., mailed free, on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, etc., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD TAKE

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, the most unexceptionable paper of the day, full of excellent illustrations and the most charming stories and sketches.



FOR FAMILY USE—simple, cheap, reliable, KNITS EVERYTHING. AGENTS WANTED. Circular and sample stocking FREE. Address HINKLEY KNITTING MACHINE CO., Bath, Me., or 170 Broadway, New York.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN INVALID.

Published for the benefit of young men and others who suffer from Nervous Debility, etc., supplying the means of self-cure. Written by one who cured himself, and sent free on receiving postpaid directed envelope. Address **NATHANIEL MAYFAIR,** Brooklyn, N. Y.

ARE YOU GOOD AT GUESSING riddles? Take *FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY*, and win a prize.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY CITY, Town, Village and County in the Union for the

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.
It is by far the most exciting, attractive, humorous, entertaining and valuable book ever issued from the American Press, containing a larger amount of historical, biographical, curious and startling incidents than any work of modern times, and presented in a form so attractive that even the untutored mind finds in it subject of absorbing attention. Over

ONE THOUSAND ENGRAVINGS, by the most eminent artists in Europe and America, 128 in number, making it altogether the most unique, complete and elegant pictorial work ever published. To energetic and efficient canvassers an opportunity for making money is here offered rarely presented in a lifetime, as no one who sees the book can refuse to buy it.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.
The greatest HOLIDAY BOOK in the field, comprising Startling Incidents, Interesting Scenes and Wonderful Events, in all Countries, all Ages, and among all People.

EDITED BY C. G. ROSENBERG, author of "Pragmata," "The Man of the People," etc., etc.

OVER ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS by the most distinguished Artists in Europe and America. The list of contributors numbering 128, among whom are found the popular and widely-known names of Gustave Dore, Berghaus, Billings, Cruikshank, Corbould, Eytting, Fenn, Gilbert, Gavarni, Hennessy, Homer, Milais, Nebleig, Nast, Reid, Horace Vernet, White, Weir, Waud, Miss Edwards, Tony Johannot, etc., etc., etc.

"Fifty years ago such a book as this would have been considered a miracle."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"It is a picture-gallery and library combined, and it would not be a very great stretch, if we added theatre and museum also."—*N. Y. Daybook.*

"It is the cheapest book ever printed."—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

"As a volume of continued information and amusement, it is unsurpassed, and can be recommended as a valuable encyclopedia to families."—*N. Y. Express.*

"One of the most varied and interesting books recently issued."—*N. Y. World.*

"A complete library in itself, not of fiction, but of recorded events of exciting character in modern human history."—*N. Y. Times.*

Proving beyond all doubt that it is the grandest book ever published.

Send for Circulars and Terms at once. Address

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,
411 Broome St., N. Y.,
129 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill., and
177 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAGIC Photographs. Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents a package. Library of Love, 50 cents. Send to W. C. WEMYSS, 3 Astor Place, New York.

Ladies & Gentlemen

OUT OF THE CITY,
TAKE YOUR OWN MEASURE AND SEND TO

E. A. BROOKS, Jr.,
Importer and Manufacturer of

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

575 Broadway, New York.

Directions for Measuring the Foot.

First. Place the foot on a piece of paper and trace the outline of same with a pencil, which will give the length and spread of the foot, as shown in figure A.

Second. Make the following measurements, in inches and fractions, with tape measure, as shown in figure B, viz:

- 31.—The Ball of the Foot.
- 32.—The Low Instep.
- 33.—The High Instep.
- 34.—The Heel.
- 35.—The Ankle.
- 36.—The Calf.

This House is the largest in the City, and was established in 1848.

THE SCHOOLS—Portraits of the best pupils in the schools throughout the country are given in *FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY*.

A Handsome Full Gilt Photograph Album, holding 20 full-size Pictures, mailed, post-paid, for 25 cents; 5 for \$1; \$2.25 per dozen. Circulars free. Address **CHARLES SEYMOUR**, Holland, N. Y.

STEEL SHIRT-COLLAR. Pickpocket Detective, and Capillary Pen Fountain, mailed on receipt of 50 cents each. **HENRY GUY**, 70 Nassau Street.

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER contains every week the portrait and biography of a distinguished American who owes his success to his own unaided exertion.

BISHOP & REIN,

Jewelers,
Under the Fifth Avenue Hotel,
NEW YORK.

**MOLLER'S PUREST NORWEGIAN
GOD-LIVER OIL.**

"Of late years it has become almost impossible to get any God-Liver Oil that patients can digest, owing to the objectionable mode of procuring and preparing the liver. . . . Moller, of Christiania, Norway, prepares an oil which is perfectly pure, and, in every respect, all that can be wished."—Dr. L. A. Sayre, before Academy of Medicine. See "Medical Record," Dec. 1869, p. 447.
Sold by Druggists, W. H. Schieffelin & Co., Sole agents for United States and Canada.

ELGIN WATCHES
MANUFACTURED BY
THE NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY.

All the Grades of the Elgin Watches,
INCLUDING THE
"LADY ELGIN"
READY FOR SPRING TRADE.

The Company also call the attention of watch-buyers to the fact that the Elgin Watches now offered have several peculiar improvements over all others, and also a new

PATENT DUST EXCLUDER,

so constructed as to enclose the works, and form a protection against dust, enabling the movement to remain in order, without cleaning, double the time that a watch will ordinarily run without this protection.
The Company feel confident, after having had their watches three years in market, and selling many thousands of them in all parts of the country, that the Elgin Watches are the best time-keepers now offered to the American public, for either Ladies' or Gentlemen's use, Railway or other uses.

OVER FIVE HUNDRED DEALERS

in various parts of the land have unreservedly endorsed them. They are in use upon numerous lines of railway, including the Union Pacific and the Pennsylvania Central, and officers of these roads, with other prominent R. R. officials, regard them as the best watches, for the use of R. R. employees and travelers, yet introduced.

The following are presented as specimens of timely testimonials:

UNION PACIFIC R. R., OFFICE OF CHIEF SUPPLY,
OMAHA, Dec. 16, 1869.

Dear Sir—During the month that I have carried one of your "H. H. Taylor" watches, it has not failed to keep the time with so much accuracy, as to leave nothing to desire in this regard. For accuracy in time-keeping, beauty of movement and finish, your watches challenge my admiration, and arouse my pride as an American, and I am confident that in all seasons they will compete successfully in the markets of the world, with similar manufacturers of other nations. They need only to be known to be appreciated. Yours, most respectfully,
C. G. HAMMOND, Gen'l Sup't.

OFFICE OF THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD,
Gen'l Sup't, New York, Jan. 17, 1870.

T. M. AVERY, Esq., President National Watch Co.,
Chicago, Illinois:

Dear Sir—The watch made by your Company, which I have carried the past two months, has kept excellent time. I have carried it frequently on engine, and have been on the road with it almost daily. During this time it has run uniformly with our standard clock.

Very yours,
J. M. TOOLEY, Gen'l Sup't.

The following dealers also, in various parts of the country, have certified that they consider the Elgin Watches to be all that the Company have advertised them as being, more correct and durable than any in market of similar price, and that they have great confidence in recommending them to the public, on account of their general merit.

WARRICK, FARRIS & Co., New York; WARREN, SEAGRAM & Co., New York; MINCHIN & BROTHERS, New York; T. B. BROWN, New York; HENRY GUNN, New York; GEO. W. PRATT & Co., New York; SCOTT, BARNETT & Co., Pittsburgh; J. R. REED & Co., Philadelphia; DARRIN & Co., Cincinnati; J. W. KIRK & Co., Cincinnati; C. O'KAMP, Cincinnati; G. HILL, Cincinnati; E. JACARD & Co., St. Louis; N. E. CHRISTENSEN & Co., Cleveland; M. BURT, Cleveland; MORAN, RIDDIN & HAMILTON, Chicago; J. H. HENRI, Denver, Colorado; M. E. BALDWIN & Co., San Francisco, Cal.; J. C. DRYDEN, New Orleans; and over four hundred others.

Various grades and prices made to suit different tastes.

NO PURCHASES RETAINED BY THE COMPANY.
No Call on your Jeweler and ask to see the Elgin Watches.

Business Office and Salesroom National Watch Company,
189 & 191 Lake Street, Chicago.

**Steinway & Sons'
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS.**

Recipients of the First Grand Gold Medal of Honor at the Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867; the Grand Testamental Medal of the Paris Exposition des Beaux Arts, in the same year; the Grand Honorary Gold Medal of Merit, with the Crown and Ribbon, from the King of Sweden and Norway, and the Academic Honors and Membership from the Royal Academies of Sciences and Arts at Berlin and Stockholm. And also of the First Prize Medal at the International Exhibition in London, 1862, together with thirty-five first-class Primitives in the United States.

Warerooms, Steinway Hall,
Nos. 109 and 111 East Fourteenth St., New York.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 29, COLUMBIA STREET, NEW YORK, will be interested in the work of FRANK LESLIE'S BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY.

GOLD ROOM

COMING TO HIS SENSES!

GOLD DOLLAR.—"Well, like Mercury, who has a particular affinity for me, I suppose I must go down. I've had a high old time of it, for the last eight or nine years, and been looked up to—especially by bulls and bears and corner grocers. The grocers could always see me go up, but they never knew me to go down. And now I'm going—going to Par! Well, I'm not proud; facilis est descensus."

ALL WANTING FARMS.

9,000 acres good soil, mild climate, 34 miles south of Philadelphia. Price only \$25 per acre. Also, improved farms. The place is growing more rapidly than most any other place in the United States. Thousands are settling. Address, C. K. LANDIS, Vineland, New Jersey.

SHIRTS! SHIRTS! SHIRTS!

25 PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN BROADWAY CHARGES.

J. W. JOHNSTON,

360 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK.

Shirt-maker and dealer in Hosiery and Men's Furnishing Goods, orders custom Dress Shirts, made to measure, from the best materials, or New York and Philadelphia, and makes a large stock of them, from \$25 to \$50 per dozen.

Six good Dress Shirts, from stock, \$5 to \$15. Gentlemen residing outside of New York can send the following measure: Size of collar worn; measure from centre of back along arm to knuckles of small finger; around chest, waist and wrist; say how many buttons, and whether for studs or buttons, and kind of wrist. J. W. J. guarantees not only the quality, but the fit of these shirts, they being cut upon scientific London principles.

All styles of Gent's Collars, Scarfs, Neck-Ties, etc., and all favorite makes of underwear for ladies and gentlemen constantly on hand.

RINNEL'S 52 EXTRACTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



RINNEL, Perfumer, Paris and London.

SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE,

EDWARD GREY & CO., 35 Vesey St., N. Y.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—FRANKLIN.

WHY will people pay \$50 or more for a SEWING MACHINE, when \$22 will buy one that has a standard reputation, is double threaded, complete with Table, constructed upon entirely new and practical principles, runs by friction, and excels all others? These celebrated Machines, FULLY LICENSED, are intended for poor people who want to save time, labor and money. AGENTS WANTED. Machines sent to Agents and given away to needy families. For Circulars and reduced prices, address J. C. OTTIS & Co., or Franklin and Diamond S. M. Co., Box 367, Boston, Mass.

This is no Humbug!

BY SENDING 30 CENTS AND STAMP.

With age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 96, Fullerton, N. Y.

Building Paper.

This is a hard, compact paper, like an ordinary book-cover, and is saturated with tar and used on the outside of frame buildings, under the clapboards, also under shingles and floors, to keep out damp and cold. It is also used on the inside, not saturated, instead of plastering, and makes a warm and cheap wall. It costs only from 25 to 50 (according to size) to cover houses on the outside. See samples and descriptive circulars sent free.

Address ROCK RIVER PAPER CO., Chicago.

Or S. E. HALE, 25 & 34 Frankfort Street, N. Y., Agent for the Eastern States.

Or E. C. PALMER & CO., New Orleans, Agents for the Southern States.

THE WEED,

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL,

THE MOST DESIRABLE,

THE MOST POPULAR,

OF ANY

SEWING-MACHINE

First Prize at New Hampshire State Fair.
First Prize at New York State Fair.
First Prize at Pennsylvania State Fair.
First Prize at Illinois State Fair.
First Prize at American Institute Fair.
First Prize at Maryland Institute Fair.
First Prize at scores of other trials in America and Europe.

Manufacture and Managing Office, Hartford, Conn.

Branch offices, 615 Broadway, New York; 349 Washington Street, Boston; 1315 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 53 North Charles Street, Baltimore.

Sold at most large places, and agents desired where none are now located.

\$2,000 A YEAR AND EXPENSES

To agents to sell the celebrated WILSON SEWING MACHINES. The best machine in the world. Stitch alike on both sides. ONE MACHINE WITHOUT MONEY. For further particulars, address THE WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio, Boston, Mass., or St. Louis, Mo.

ARION PIANO

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST PIANO THAT IS MADE.
Address COVELL & CO., 554 Broadway, New York City.

WM. KNABE & CO.,

(Established 1833.)

HALTMOORE, MD.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOS.

These instruments are pronounced by all the leading artists and musical critics as having NO EQUAL. They are used by the Maretzek Italian Opera Troupe, at the Academy of Music, New York; Academy of Music, Brooklyn; Crosby's Opera House, Chicago; Richings Opera Troupe; Ole Bull's Concerts; and at all first-class concerts in the United States.

WAREHOUSES:

No. 650 Broadway, N. Y., and

69 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

J. BAUER & CO., General Agents.

\$732 IN 31 DAYS

Made by one Agent, selling SILVER'S PATENT ELASTIC SHOOM. Over 50,000 now in use. Recommended by Hon. Horace Greeley and American Agriculturist. One county reserved for each agent. C. A. CLEGG & Co., 28 Cortlandt St., N. Y., or 128 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

WESTERN HOTEL,

Nos. 9, 11, 13 and 15 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Refrigerated in good order, and one of the most convenient hotels in the city.

THOMAS D. WINCHESTER.

BALL, BLACK & CO.,

565 & 567 Broadway,

Offer an Unequaled Assortment of

Jurgensen, Warden, Jacot,
Saltzman, Wicoud, Gerard,
Frodsham, Peardon, Gording,
Rugenstein, Harrison, Taylor,
Also, a full line of American

WATCHES

AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

ELEGANT BRONZED

Iron Bedsteads, Cribs and Cradles,

IN GREAT VARIETY, AND OF

Superior Style and Finish

TUCKER'S PATENT SPRING BED,

Combining the essentials of Comfort, Durability, Cleanliness and Cheapness. It is deservedly the most popular Spring Bed known. Manufactured and for sale to the trade by the

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO.,

Warerooms, 39 and 41 Park Place, New York, and
117 and 119 Court Street, Boston.

U. S. Improved Reflector Co.,

Awarded Highest Premium, 1869.



Patent Silver-plated Reflectors for Churches, Theatres, Parlors, Halls, Stores, Show Windows, etc., for Gas, Kerosene, and Daylight. Warranted not to tarnish. The cheapest and best fixture known, and is used in the Executive Mansion in Washington, and other fashionable places. Beware of worthless imitations infringing this patent.

JACOBSEN & MABLE, Sole Manufacturers.

449 Broadway, New York.

Send for circular.

Eight Per Cent. Gold

1st MORTGAGE BONDS

OF THE ISSUE OF

\$1,500,000

BY THE

St. Joseph and Denver City R. R. Co.

In denominations of \$1,000 and \$500, coupon or registered, with interest at six per cent per annum, payable 15th February and August, in Gold, free of United States taxes, in New York or Europe. The bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York in Gold. Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, of New York. The mortgage which secures these bonds is at the rate of \$13,500 per mile; covers a completed road for every bond issued, and is a first and only mortgage. This line connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney will make a short and through route to California.

The Company have a Capital Stock of 10,000,000 And a Grant of Land from Congress of 1,600,000 acres, valued, at the lowest estimate, at 4,000,000 First Mortgage Bonds 1,600,000

Total \$15,000,000 Length of road, 371 miles; price, 97 1/2 and accrued interest. Can be obtained from the undersigned. Also, pamphlets, maps, and information relating thereto. These bonds, being so well secured, and yielding a large income, are desirable to parties seeking safe and lucrative investments.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO., Com'l Agents,
No. 54 Pine Street, New York.

TANNER & CO., Fiscal Agents,
No. 49 Wall Street, New York.

COMBINATION RULE & LEAD-PENCIL, one of the most novel and useful articles ever offered to the public. No person should be without it. Sample pencil sent for 10 cents and 2-cent postage stamp. Two for 15 cents. Manufactured wholesale by E. A. WHITFIELD, 62 D'Anne Street, New York.

Carbolic Salve

INDORSED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

George B. Lincoln, President of the Board, says: "I have tested the CARBOLIC SALVE Chemically, and submitted the result to several eminent physicians, who concur in saying it is a most safe and efficacious remedy for all skin diseases."

It is gratifying to know that, while the Board of Health and the Physicians are dealing severely with many of the preparations of the day, there is one article at least that receives their sanction.

Price only 25c. per Box.

Useful in every family. JOHN F. HENRY, Sole Proprietor, No. 8 Col-

lumbus Place, New York.

EMPLOYMENT—\$500 a month with board.

Dies. Samples free. S. M. SPARKS & CO.,

Brattleboro, Vt.